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THE GRAPHIC

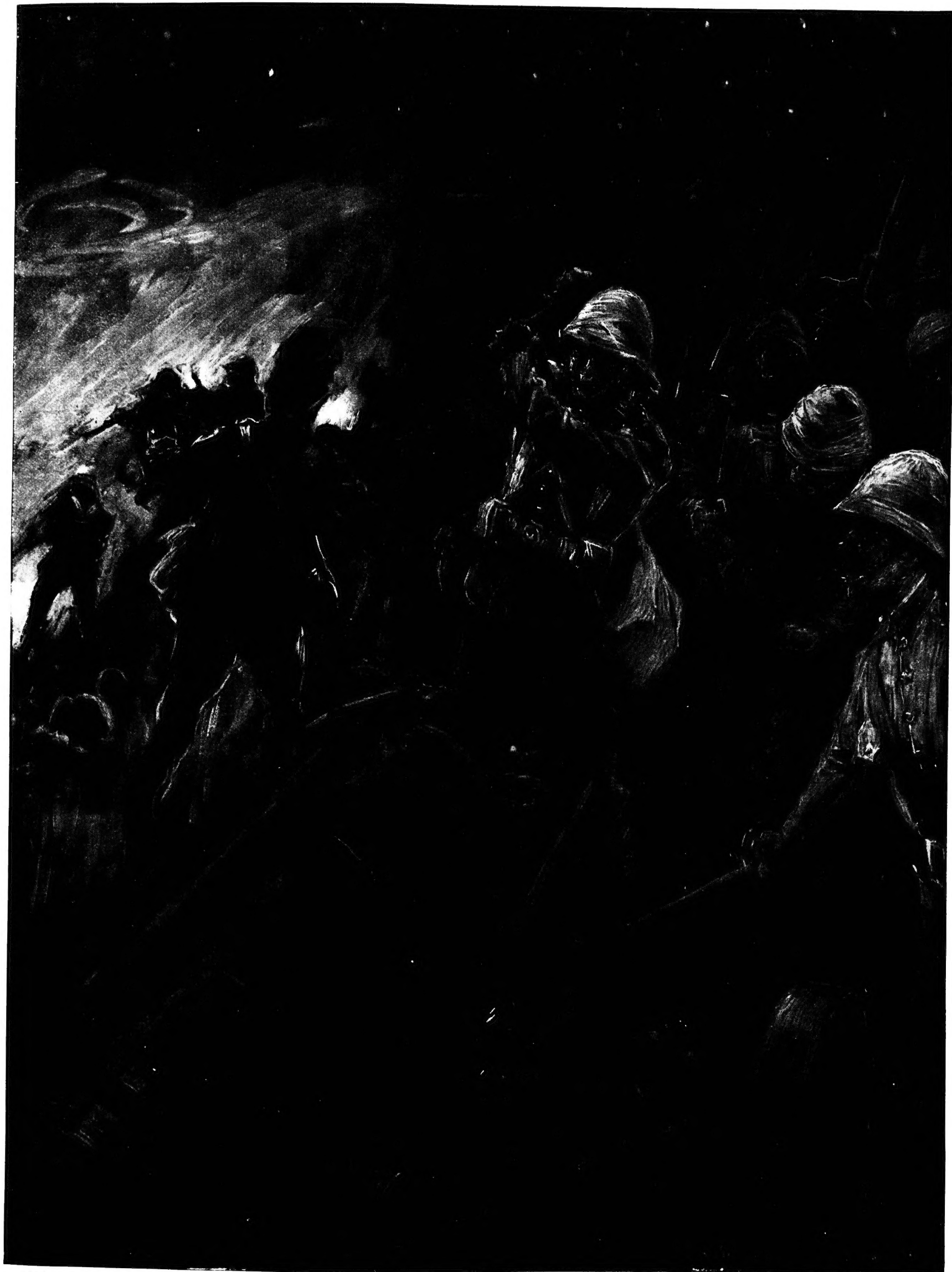
AN ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY NEWSPAPER

No. 1,571.—VOL. LXI.
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DE LUXE

SATURDAY, JANUARY 6, 1900

WITH EXTRA SUPPLEMENT
"Events of the Year"

PRICE NINEPENCE
By Post, 9½d.



DRAWN BY W. HATHERELL, R.I.

FROM A SKETCH BY A BRITISH OFFICER

General Sir A. Hunter selected 100 men of the Imperial Light Horse, 100 Natal Carabineers, and a few sappers and gunners, with 300 mounted Volunteers to protect the flank, for a night attack on Gun Hill, a Boer laager about six miles from Ladysmith. Major Henderson led out the little column. It was a dark night, and when our men were within twenty yards of the top of the hill the order was shouted, "Fix bayonets." The whole force mustered only four bayonets, but the ruse had its effect. Shouting "Cold steel!" the men crested

the crest, and the Boer gunners fled. Colonel Edwards, at the head of his men, was the first in the gun emplacement. The men formed a cordon round the gun parapet, and the sappers, under Captain Fowke, placed gun-cotton charges in the two big guns with two minute fuses. In three-quarters of an hour the whole thing was done. A 6-inch Creusot and 4.7-inch howitzer were destroyed, and a Maxim was captured and brought away. "Long Tom's" breech lock was also carried off as a trophy.

DESTROYING AN ENEMY'S GUN: THE SURPRISE OF GUN HILL OUTSIDE LADYSMITH

Topics of the Week

WE trust that the recent seizure of American **Delagoa Bay** and German vessels in the vicinity of Delagoa Bay, on suspicion of carrying contraband of war, may be regarded as indicating that Her Majesty's Government have resolved to take up a firm attitude in respect of the one loophole through which the resources of the Boers are being replenished. There may, perhaps, be a question whether foodstuffs not intended directly for the Boer camp are legally contraband, and, on this point, perhaps, the decision of a Prize Court might be taken; but there can be no such doubt with regard to artillery, rifles, ammunition, military saddles, tents, recruits, and other items of military equipment, and in all such cases it is to be hoped that the utmost vigilance will be exercised. Once Delagoa Bay is effectually closed to the Boers as a source of supplies, the resistance we are encountering will be much diminished. But if this is to be done the watchfulness of British cruisers must be of the most rigorous kind, and the attitude of the British Government of the firmest. With the large gold coinage that is now being produced at Pretoria, blockade-running has become a very profitable business, and much ingenuity will be exercised to execute the orders which are sent out by every mail from the Transvaal Government to their agents in Europe. In every case of suspicion the right of search should be insisted upon. But not only should vessels be searched. A still more important consideration is that the Portuguese railway from Lourenço Marques to the Boer frontier should be watched. Once the Portuguese Government know that we shall hold them responsible for the transmission of contraband to the enemy, we may rely upon it that a check will be placed on the illicit traffic which is known to be now carried on between Lourenço Marques and Komati. There need be no fear of action of this kind bringing us into conflict with foreign Governments. The more vigorous the measures we take the more valuable will be the precedents by which other maritime nations will profit when the time comes for them to embark on war. Legitimate trading we have no desire to check or hamper. To do so would indeed be to create precedents from which we, as the greatest traders in the world, would be the first to suffer. All we desire is to check the supply to the enemy of such assistance as may enable him to prolong the war, and the nature of that assistance we are quite willing to have defined in accordance with the known principles of international war. This being the case, we need not anticipate any diplomatic difficulties with foreign Powers. So long as the Prize Courts administer the law, diplomacy will be silent, and all the efforts of the Anglo-phobes of Hamburg and New York will not make it speak. In regard to foodstuffs, perhaps it might be desirable that we should come to an understanding with the Powers interested. International law is not as definite as might be desired on this point, although it would seem to be sufficiently clearly governed by the principle that whenever one of the means employed to reduce the enemy to submission is to deprive him of supplies, such supplies become contraband. We may, however, avoid all controversy on this point by availing ourselves of the right of pre-emption, which consists in indemnifying the consignors of the seized cargoes by paying them the full market value of their goods together with a reasonable profit. This right has frequently been exercised, and it should not be difficult to obtain the assent of the Powers to its exercise in the present case wherever a doubt arises as to whether the seized foodstuffs are or are not technically contraband. The important point is, however, that we should act with vigour. Our views should be stated publicly and decisively. The foreigner should be disabused of the idea that we are afraid to act, and having insisted on our rights we should see that we get them. Any weakness in this respect can only result in prolonging the war, and this is to be deprecated in the interests of both sides as well as in the interests of the trade of the world.

A Welcome Appointment THE New Year has already brought two gracious gifts in its hands, the one a present to the whole British community, the other more particularly bestowed on the Irish people and the Army. While affluent Revenue returns gladden the hearts of taxpayers generally and afford solid proof of national well-being, the appointment of the Duke of Connaught to succeed Lord Roberts as Commander-in-Chief in Ireland cannot fail to redound to the advantage both of the Sister Isle and of the troops quartered there. It may be hoped that this well-earned promotion will afford some solace to His Royal Highness for the refusal of his urgent request to be allowed to share the dangers and the glory of the South African campaign. There is the additional consolation that, when the time comes for taking in hand the reorganisation of our land forces, he will bring to that vitally important work the unprejudiced mind of "the looker-on who sees most of the game." But, be his own feelings what they may, 1900 is to be thanked for beginning its life by putting the right man into the right place. Not less should the nation be grateful for the large excess of revenue over Budget estimate. Croakers will say,

no doubt, that in view of the South African drain, it is of very finite consequence whether the Chancellor of the Exchequer finds himself with a couple of millions in hand on March 31. But to slightly vary the old saying, two millions saved are two millions gained; the nation will be so much the better off, should the surplus amount to so much, as seems pretty certain. The returns happily display no symptom of coming adversity, but very much the contrary, and there appears fair likelihood that the last year of the century will equal, if it does not surpass, its immediate predecessor in commercial and industrial prosperity.

Spartan Mothers

By ALFRED AUSTIN

I.

"ONE more embrace! then o'er the main,
And nobly play the Soldier's part!"
Thus speaks, amid the martial strain,
The Spartan Mother's patriot heart.
She hides her woe,
She bids him go,
And tread the path his Fathers trod.
"Who fights for England, fights for God."

II.

In the hush night she wakes, she weeps,
And listens for the far-off fray.
He scours the gorge, he scales the steep,
Scatters the foe,—away, away!
But feigned the flight!
Smite, again smite!
How fleet their steeds! how nimbly shod!
She kneels, she prays: "Protect him, God!"

III.

Weep, tender souls! The sob, the tear,
The lonely prayer, the stifled wail,
These nerve the will, these brace the spear,
And speed him over veldt and vale.
What is to him,
Or life or limb,
Who rends the chain, and breaks the rod!
Who strikes for Freedom, strikes for God.

IV.

Should Heaven decree that he once more
Unscathed return to home and rest,
She will be standing at the door,
To fold him to her trembling breast.
Or should he fall
By ridge or wall,
And lie 'neath some green Southern sod—
"Who dies for England, sleeps with God."

Alfred Austin

The Court

UNLIKE other European Courts the English Court makes no official festival of New Year's Day. Abroad, the day is a fatiguing round of State receptions for the Sovereign; at home our Queen spends the season quietly at Osborne with her family around her as usual for many years. Her Majesty removed to the Isle of Wight at the close of last week, accompanied by Princess Beatrice and the Duchess of Albany with their children, while the Duke and Duchess of Connaught and family followed a little later. If, however, there are no State ceremonies the Queen is very busy sending New Year's greetings far and near, especially to the many foreign connections of the Royal House. Her soldiers in South Africa being so foremost in her thoughts just now, Her Majesty has despatched many kindly New Year's wishes to follow the Christmas messages to the troops, and her feelings may be summed up in the Royal words to Kimberley:—"I watch with admiration your determined and gallant defence." Further, there are the annual New Year's distribution of gifts to the poor and needy, the Queen's presents of beef and coals to the poor of Windsor and the neighbourhood being given away at the Kiding School on Monday morning. Six hundred people received the Royal bounty, which consisted of 3,480 lb. of beef and 1,264 cwt. of coals. The poorer classes in the Isle of Wight also share in the Queen's generosity, the Princesses taking personal interest in the distribution. Under ordinary circumstances there are various New Year's festivities at Osborne—theatricals, &c.—but owing to the pressing national anxieties the amusements this year are mostly confined to the younger Princes and Princesses. Few visitors have been entertained beyond the Royal circle, although the Bishop of Ripon stayed at Osborne from Saturday to Monday to preach before the Queen on Sunday. A few Royal relatives are coming during the next few weeks to stay in turn with Her Majesty, the lately widowed Prince of Leiningen being among the first expected. The Court will stay at Osborne till February, and it is hoped that public affairs will allow Her

Majesty to take her annual Continental holiday in March. The authorities at Bordighera are already improving the roads, so that the Queen may drive about in comfort.

The Prince and Princess of Wales's New Year's party at Sandringham is much the same gathering as at Christmas, with Prince and Princess Louis of Battenberg and their three children added to the circle. It breaks up at the end of this week, when the Duke and Duchess of Fife go back to Brighton with their children. There will be a succession of house parties for the next few weeks, while both the Prince of Wales and the Duke of York intend to pay a few shooting visits.

Emperor William of Germany introduced the only novelty into New Year receptions at Continental Courts. Having decided to regard 1900 as the first year of a new century, His Majesty wanted to make some innovation, and, therefore, upset all traditional custom by arranging a "Defilir Cour" on the first stroke of the New Year. Usually all State officials and all entitled to go to Court pay their respects to the Emperor and Empress at the comfortable hour of noon on New Year's Day. But for once they had to sit up late, forego all family gatherings, and present themselves and their wives at the Palace at midnight to pass before the Imperial pair. At Rome and Vienna the Courts kept to the old custom of midday receptions, while at Brussels there was no reception at all, for the Queen was away, and King Léopold is not equal to State ceremonials, as he still feels the injury to his ankle, due to a fall on board his yacht in the autumn. He is going to the Riviera soon with his youngest daughter, Princess Clementine.

The Bystander

"Stand by."—CAPTAIN CUTLER

By J. ASHBY-STERRY

IT was, if my recollection serves me, William Jeffreys Prowse, who used to write those admirable articles in the *Daily Telegraph* years ago, who was the author of some verses entitled, "My Lost Old Age." Did not some of the lines run somewhat as follows?—

Life's opening chapter pleased me well;
Too hurriedly I turn'd the page.
I spoiled the volume—Who can tell
What might have been my lost old age?

According to the latest reports from Paris we are all likely to be bereft of our old age if Professor Metchnikoff's discoveries are brought to perfection. Dr. Potailon, of the Académie de Médecine, is, it appears, by no means inclined to pooh-pooh the new idea. He says that elephants are full grown at thirty and live to be three hundred, and there is no reason why man should not attain the age of two hundred and fifty years. Should that prove to be the case, we shall all of us become mere boys. I trust the *Morning Post*, which was the first paper to publish the startling intelligence, will shortly let us have the fullest particulars with regard to the treatment to be pursued in order to attain this extraordinary antiquity. It will be rather awkward, though, for the rising generation who are anxious to come into their property, for it strikes me they will be tired of waiting. Probably they will be inclined to protest against this wholesale and unexpected abolition of senility.

At the present inclement season all earnest fire worshippers, all good Ghebers naturally turned their attention to the proper management of the domestic hearth and are deeply concerned with regard to the price of coals. A popular writer has said that "the fire is the sun of the room," and as it appears to be all the sun we are likely to have anywhere just at present, it is perhaps as well that we should give our earnest attention to its well-being. In pursuit of this laudable object, I have come to the conclusion that the present organisation of fire-irons is terribly inadequate for the important functions they have to perform. This is not a grievance only of to-day, it is one that has existed ever since the Bystander can recollect. We have for many years suffered under the despotism of fire-irons, and it is high time these Pecksniffs of the domestic hearth should be exposed and their shortcomings held up to obloquy.

If you consider the matter calmly, and from an unconventional point of view, you will see how puerile is the poker, how timorous the tongs, and how senseless the shovel. They may be ornamental, but they are anything but useful, and to those who take a pictorial pleasure in developing the capabilities of the fire and look upon stoking as a fine art, they are absolutely contemptible. We require a poker of some weight that will do its work in decisive fashion, tongs of strong prehensile power, and a shovel big enough to be of some service. In addition to these we want a light pair of forceps that can be used with one hand, for placing coals in exactly the right position, a curved poker for raking out the bottom bar, a long light hammer for cracking obstinate lumps, and an old broadsword for light and delicate work amid the glowing embers. To the unthinking these requirements may seem frivolous, but those who know what an important part a fire plays in a room—little or big—will readily admit the importance and sound common-sense of these suggestions. Another item in connection with this matter, which nowadays is too often neglected, is the old-fashioned bellows. This useful implement should, without doubt, be found hanging beside every grate, it being often the only thing that will revive a dying fire when but few sparks of redness remain.

Many clubs are complaining of a great falling off in the number of diners, and some committeemen are wondering what the reason may be. I do not think it is very difficult to solve this. The principal reason is that of late years the club, speaking broadly, as an institution, has considerably deteriorated, while the restaurant has vastly improved. As a general rule you can get a better dinner and a cheaper one at a restaurant, and it is much pleasanter to dine in a bright room with a number of lively people, even if you do not know them, than in a solemn apartment in company with a lot of solemn individuals, whom you are rather tired of looking at. It is scarcely to be wondered, considering all these things, that there are many clubs nowadays which are far more crowded for luncheon than for dinner. The reason of the deterioration of the club as an institution already spoken of is not difficult to divine. The immense number of clubs in London in the present day require a vast number of subscriptions to keep them up. These cannot be obtained if the committee are too rigorous in the application of the black ball; hence these establishments are not so select as they were twenty

years ago, and are less used for social purposes than they were in the period referred to. This state of things is more likely to be felt in small clubs than in large; indeed in some which almost resemble gigantic restaurants it will not be felt at all. But there is little doubt that the club life as known thirty years ago has practically passed away altogether.

The circumstance of the ancient gentleman with the scythe and hour-glass—known to most of us as Old Father Time—insisting upon our writing 1900 seems to have effectually suppressed the enterprising gentlemen who indite poems concerning the departure of an old year and the advent of a new one. They have done fairly well during the last decade, but just for a little while I fancy they will have to retire from business. One, two, three, four, five and six gave them glorious opportunities for rhyme—seven was perhaps not quite so useful, and caused a drooping amid the bards major and minor, though over eight and nine they recovered themselves with considerable success. “Hundred,” however, is a teaser, and is likely to be a serious obstacle to the poems referred to as long as it remains without an addition. Even Lord Tennyson failed to conquer it in his “Charge of the Light Brigade.” He uses as a sort of compromise “blundered,” “thundered,” “wondered,” and “sundered.” Of course, these are not rhymes at all, unless you pronounce “hundred,” “hunderd,” although they have a certain similarity of sound. I am glad to see the lively and versatile writer of “Literary Gossip” in the *Globe* has been taking to task those fastidious persons who object to rhyming “girl” with “curl.” Everyone who knows anything about the subject is aware that sound, not sight, should govern a rhyme, and “girl” rhymes as accurately with “curl” as it does with “whirl,” “furl,” “churl,” or “pearl.”

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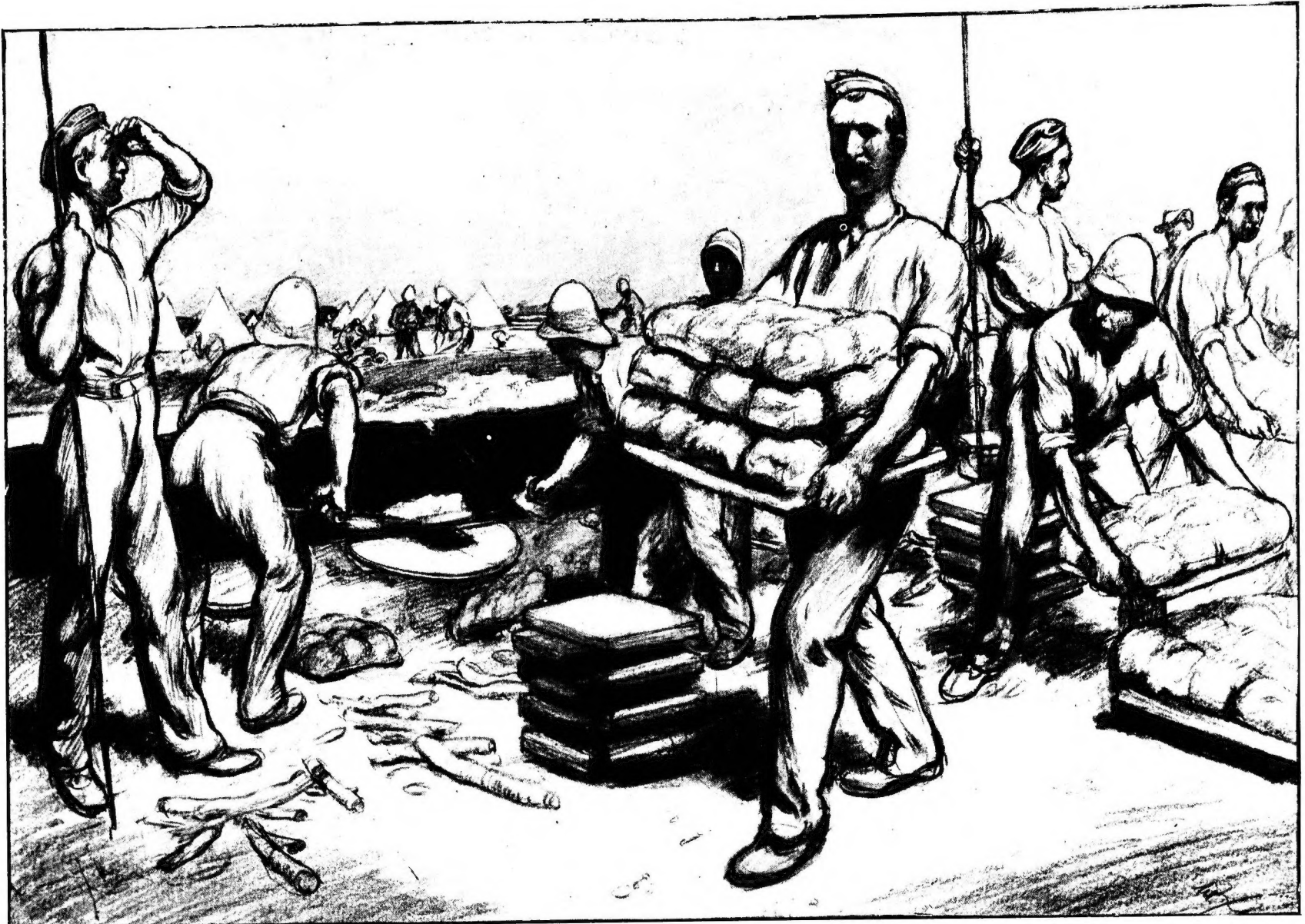
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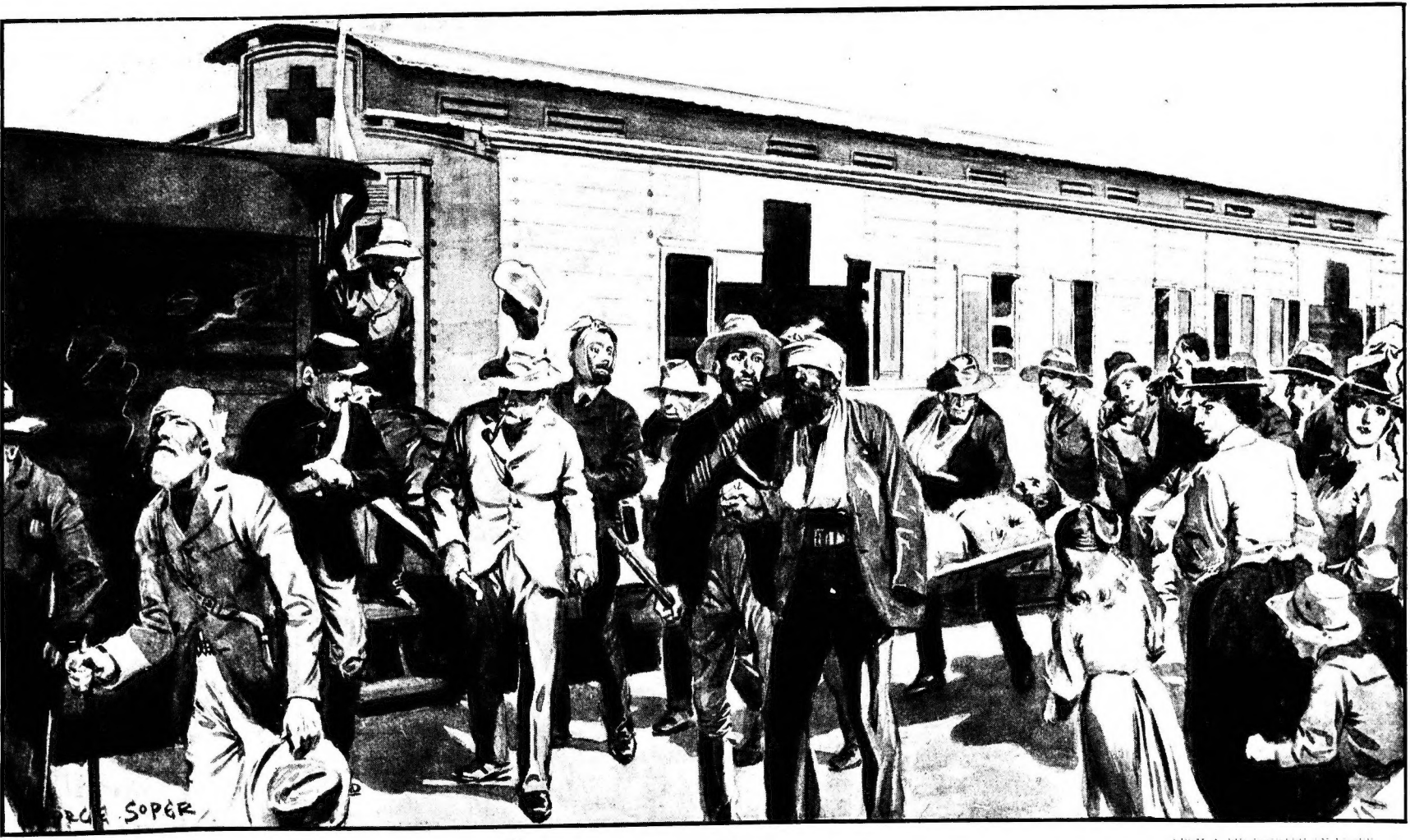
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DRAWN BY A. W. RUSSELL

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH

THE FIELD BAKERIES OF THE NORTHUMBERLAND FUSILIERS WITH LORD METHUEN'S FORCE
BREAKFAST FOR THE FIGHTING FIFTH



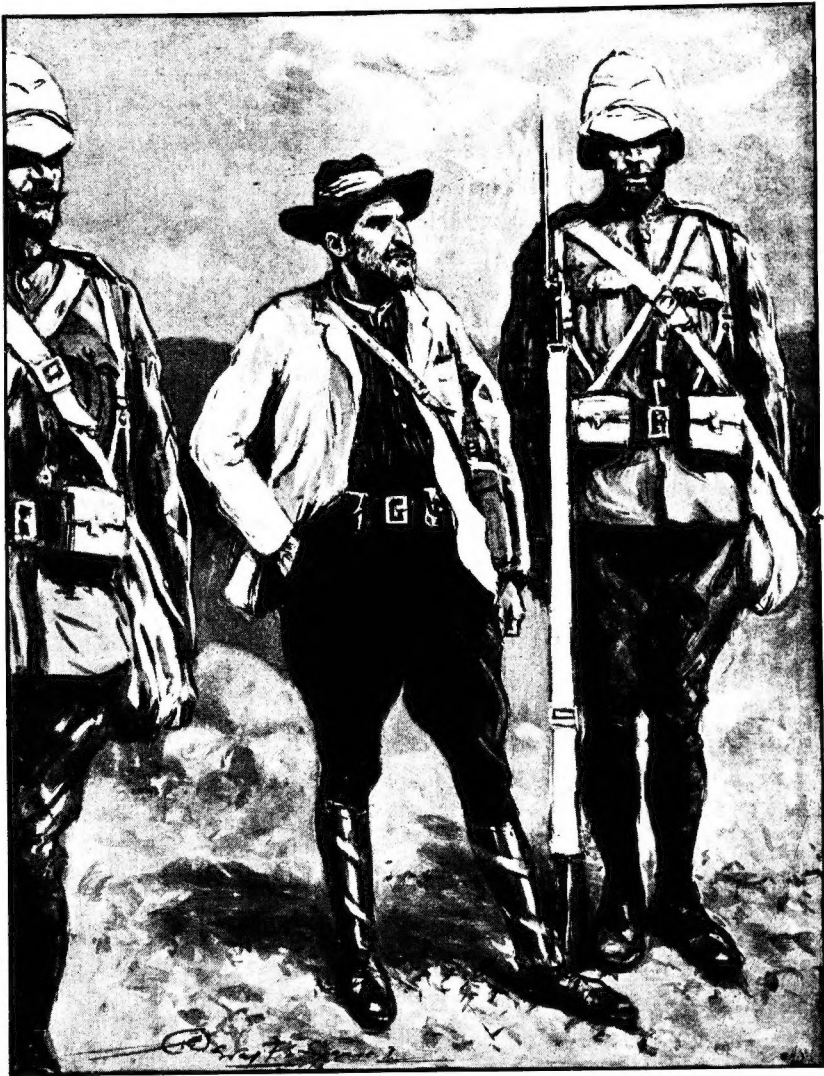
DRAWN BY GEORGE SOPER

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY LECTIF

THE RED CROSS TRAIN OF AMBULANCE CARS MADE AT PRETORIA RAILWAY WORKS
FOR THE SICK AND WOUNDED OF THE BOER FORCES



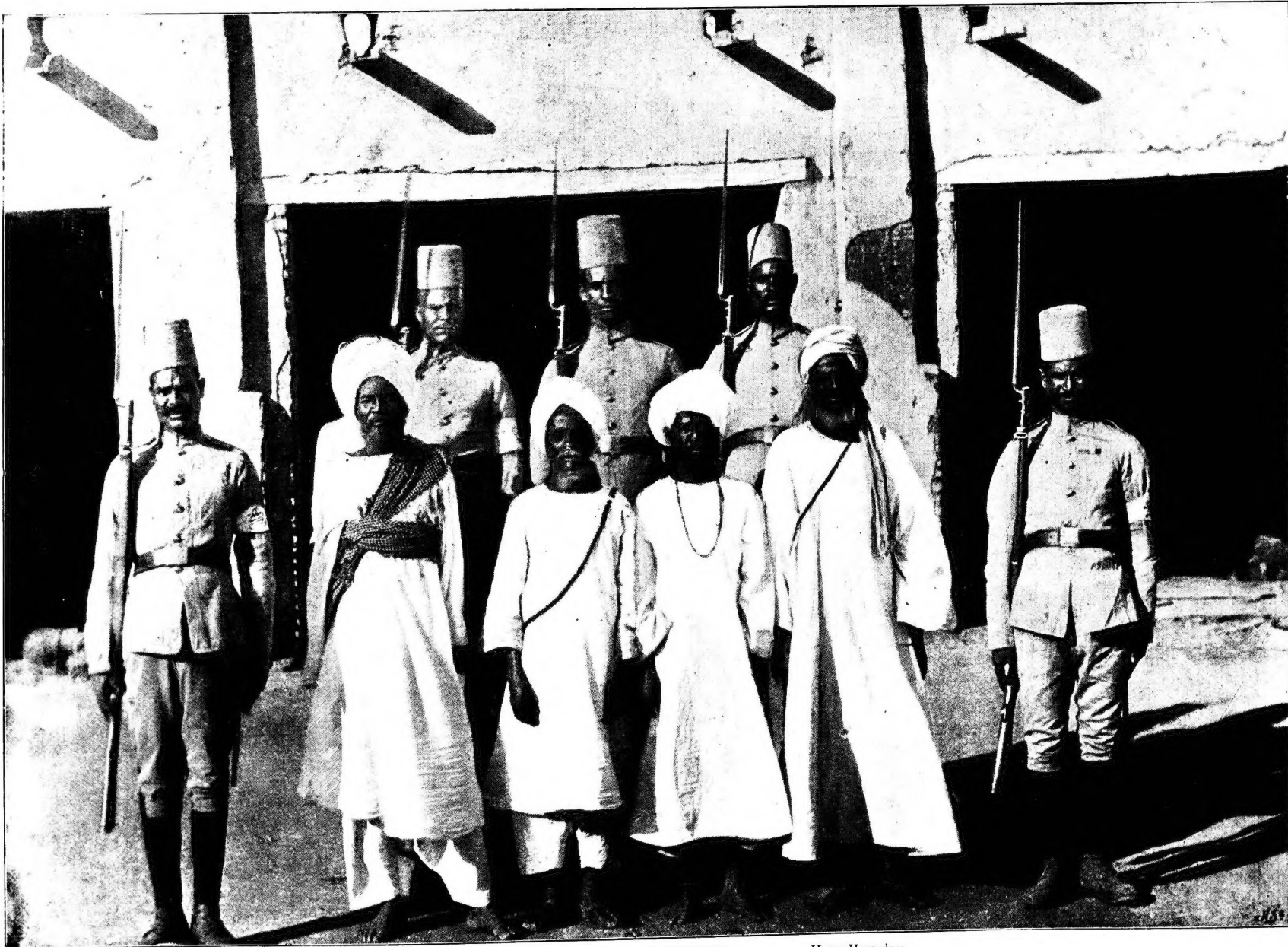
MR. FIDDIE, WHO ACTED AS CHIEF GUIDE BEFORE THE BATTLE OF MODDER RIVER
DRAWN BY FELCY F. S. SPENCE



KARL JETTE, A BOER MILLIONAIRE, CAPTURED AT GRAS PAN

FROM SKETCHES BY A BRITISH OFFICER

WITH LORD METHUEN'S COLUMN



Hatin Musa

Younes Wad-el-Djem

Fadly Hassana

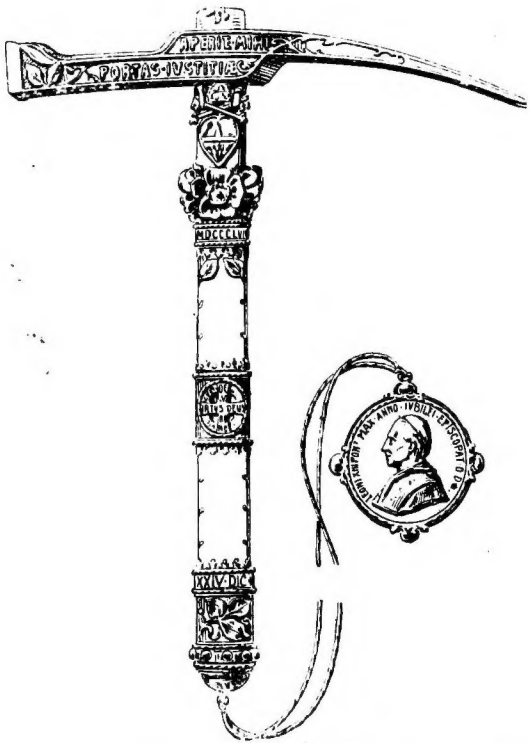
Hater Hamedam

Sir Francis Wingate, in his despatch, says that every important man in the Khalifa's army, except Osman Digna, was killed, wounded, or taken prisoner in the final action of Om Debbikat. Some eight Emirs were killed, and others who had played a conspicuous part in the Khalifa's campaigns were made prisoners. Our photograph, which shows four of these chieftains, is by C. C. Kikidis, Omlucman

THE DEFEAT OF THE KHALIFA: SOME OF THE EMIRS TAKEN PRISONER

The History of Papal Jubilees

The first historically authentic jubilee of the Roman Church is that of 1300, proclaimed by Boniface VIII., in consequence, it is said, of traditional record and the resulting affluence of pilgrims, among whom was a centenarian led to Rome by his sons, who assured the Pope he had been present as a child at a similar celebration one hundred years before. That the Jews held jubilees every fifty years we know from Biblical record, and from this custom may accept as probable the origin of the Christian celebration, rather than from the Pagan centenary *ludi secularis*, as some writers have tried to make out. The word jubilee, moreover derived from *jobel*, Hebrew for



This beautiful golden hammer was the gift of the Italian bishops. With it the Pope struck three blows on the door, which had been previously made ready, and only needed a little pressure for it to give way.

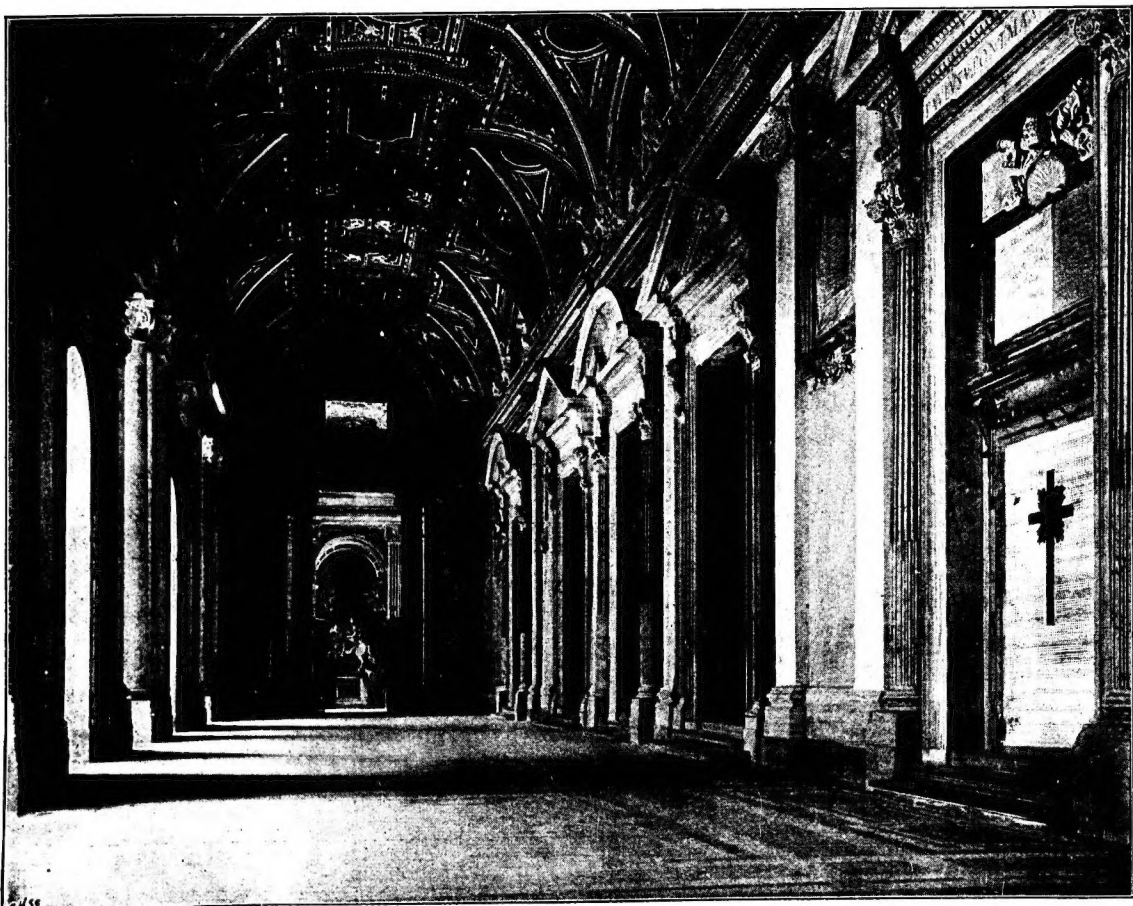
THE HAMMER USED BY THE POPE TO OPEN THE HOLY DOOR, ST. PETER'S

ram's horn, to the sound of which such festivals used to be proclaimed. Hundreds of thousands, we learn from eye-witnesses and recorders of the event, flocked to the Eternal City in 1300, on foot or on horseback. So dense were the crowds going to and fro to visit the churches that not a few were crushed to death, especially on the narrow Bridge of Hadrian, then, as now, under its more modern name of Ponte Saint Angelo, chief thoroughfare to the Apostolic Basilica. Offerings amounting to 50,000 golden florins were left by the devotees. Half a century after what Boniface styled the "century year" was the next jubilee proclaimed by the French Pope Clement VI., who, notwithstanding the entreaties of the citizens of Rome, addressed to him at Avignon by their representative, the poet Petrarch and the tribune Rienzi, declared his inability to return, though he yielded to their desire that henceforth the interval from one jubilee to another be reduced to fifty years. As on the



The ceremony of opening the Holy Door of St. Peter's in Rome was performed on Christmas Eve by the Pope, and at the same time the holy doors of the churches of St. Paolo, Santa Maria Maggiore and San Giovanni Laterano were opened by three cardinals. The Holy Year 1900 was thus inaugurated in the four greatest churches of the Eternal City, and through the doors thus opened must pass the pilgrims who come to Rome during 1900 in search of indulgences. It is seventy-five years since Leo XII. last opened the Holy Door in the great basilica. In 1875, when Pius IX. proclaimed a jubilee, the door ought to have been opened, but Pius IX. ordained that it should be kept closed as a protest—one of many which he made—against the Italian occupation of Rome.

THE POPE OPENING THE HOLY DOOR IN THE ATRIUM OF ST. PETER'S
FROM A SKETCH BY A. BIANCHINI



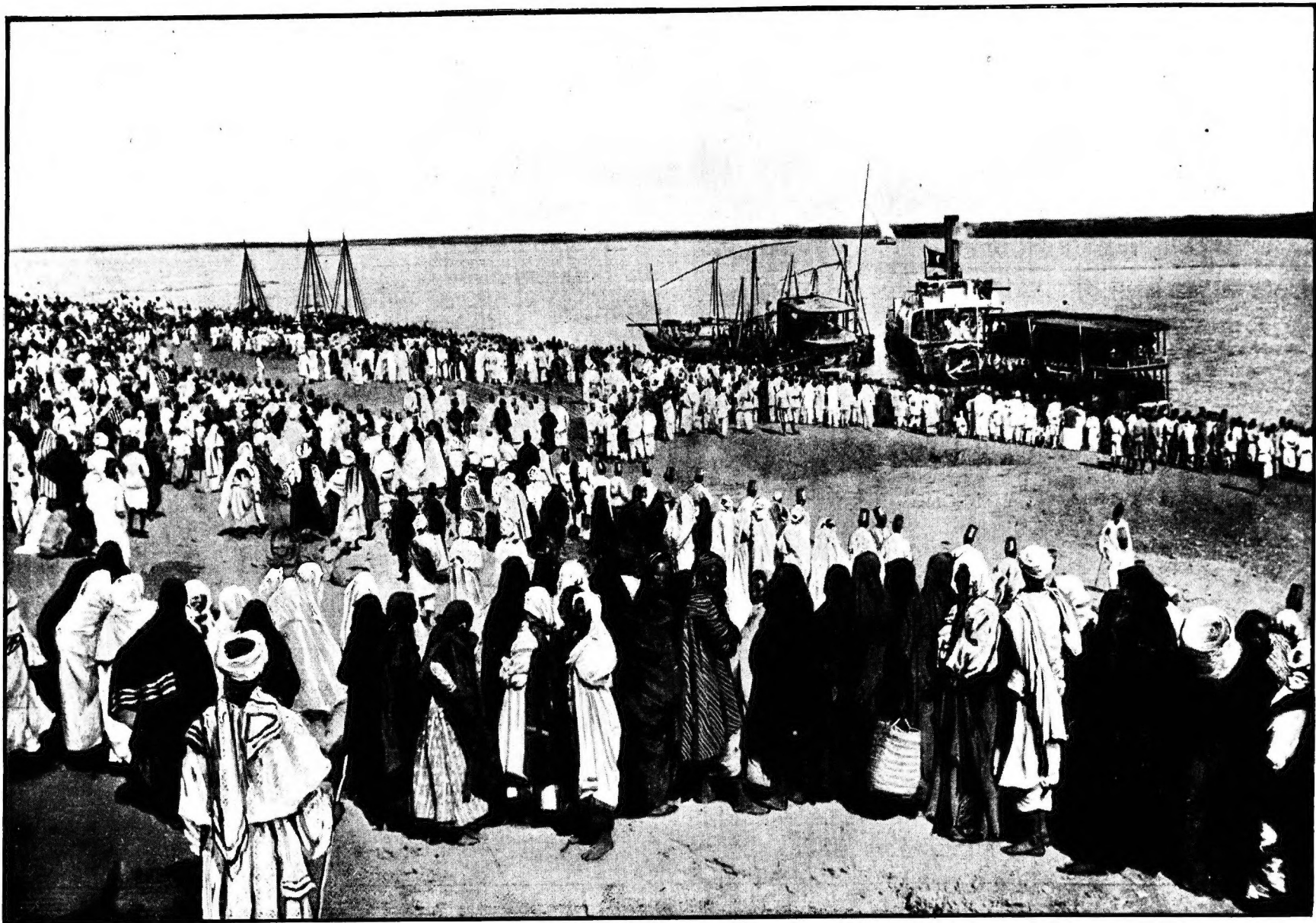
THE WALLED-UP HOLY DOOR IN THE ATRIUM OF ST. PETER'S, OPENED BY THE POPE ON CHRISTMAS EVE

former occasion pilgrims came in throngs, estimated at well-nigh two million by a chronicler, who adds that the number crushed to death in the narrow, tortuous streets amounted sometimes to as many as twelve in a day. The pilgrims of the jubilee of 1400 had, from all accounts, a bad time of it, what with attacks from lawless adherents of the Colonna family, at open war with the Pope, "who stole their wealth and women," and the plague, then more than decimating Italy, for in Rome alone, during the summer months, it reaped daily from 600 to 800 victims.

The pomp-loving Borgia, Pope Alexander VI., instituted the golden or holy walled-up door, and the ceremonial of its aperture and closure, which has continued practically the same to this day. With gilt mallet His Holiness breaks down the previously prepared masonry at the vesper hour of Christmas Eve, and, in the corresponding hour and day of the following year, with silver trowel lays the first brick of the pile which once more closes the doorway for another period of twenty-five years, as established in 1475 by Sixtus IV., "in consideration of the brevity of human life," and ever since observed by his successors.

There were many strange scenes when penitents came to Rome in search of indulgence for their sins—instance the cavalcade of Albert of Este to the jubilee of Boniface IX., with 400 knights, sable clad, and with sable pennons hanging from sable lances. Many of the self-inflicted penances of saint and sinner were decidedly uncomfortable, not to say painful. To the jubilee of Alexander VI. came flagellants from Naples, scourging themselves as they walked. In 1575, St. Charles Borromeo arrived on foot from Milan, having visited during his march of more than three months noted shrines in the fastnesses of the Apennines, living the while on lenten fare. In 1600 a noble lady of Venetian family did very much the same, and fifty years later a saintly enthusiast, or contrite sinner, came from Bavaria for the jubilee of Innocent X., burdened during a tramp of five months with a wooden cross exceeding 100 pounds in weight. The cross, says Ricci, writing in 1675, may still be seen in the Hospital de Pellegrini.

The last jubilee of the twenty up to to-day was that proclaimed by Leo XII. in 1825, since which none has been decreed owing to political troubles. The same Leo, who, this Christmas, was the first to pass through the *porta santa* of the largest church in the world, was present as the boy Gioacchino Pecci at the opening ceremony of his Papal namesake seventy-five years ago.



The 5th Soudanese, on their return from the battle of Om Debrikat, in which Sir Francis Wingate finally defeated the Khalifa, were received with great enthusiasm at Omdurman by large crowds. Our photograph is by Captain R. C. L. Battley

AFTER THE DEFEAT OF THE KHALIFA: A HEARTY WELCOME TO THE VICTORS AT OMDURMAN



At the battle of Om Debrikat, in which the Khalifa and many Emirs were killed, the whole of the enemy's camp, the women, and the cattle were taken, besides thousands of prisoners, most of whom gave themselves up. In all nine thousand men, women, and children were captured. Our illustration, which shows a group of prisoners at Omdurman, is from a photograph by Captain R. C. L. Battley

AFTER THE DEFEAT OF THE KHALIFA: SOME OF THE DERVISH PRISONERS

THE MARSEILLAISE!

By MAARTEN MAARTENS. Illustrated by C. SHEPPERSON

I.

A PAGE from an old book, unwritten, sweet-scented, yellow with years. The whole thing is forgotten: all its writers, and readers, long silent, are now passed away. Yet that is her portrait, to the left of the mantelpiece, in the short waist and turban, like Josephine. Not so very long ago, after all! A page from a family history, dead and buried in a poet's heart—oh, marvellous sepulture!—living and life-giving this day!

It was the close of the eighteenth century. The ancient oppressions of Europe were no more: the coming oppressor was not yet.

Among the sand-dunes by the Zuyder Zee Humanity reigned supreme. The gentle Stadholder had quietly slipped across to England, and the brand-new Batavian Republic, free and indefeasible, had flung open its arms, with a grimace of exultation, to a rabble of dissolute French soldiery, who had brought its opulent burghers unlooked-for equality, onerous fraternity, licence universal. The brotherly clasp of the foreigner had tightened, was tightening. Never poor relation had proved so expensive to keep.

Over the whole country darkened the terror of the liberator. Destitute of all old-world prejudices, and of everything else, the sansculottes danced wildly, with their brothers' wives, around flaunting "Trees of Freedom;" they were drunken with the new gospel and old wine. Nor did they long remain unclothed amongst the Flemish looms. The wise friends of mankind in Paris had stipulated that an army of occupation, twenty-five thousand strong, should be paid in food and raiment for the priceless gift it brought; no sooner was one regiment fully equipped than another, equally needy, took its place. You may love your brother—why not?—you may also take him in.

The horrors of a French invasion, friendly or otherwise, were by no means new to the Dutch. A hundred years earlier black death and smoking ruin had marked the progress of the gorgeous Louis into the country's bleeding heart, and perhaps it was the memory of his gilded Presence which caused the rebuilt towers and castles to welcome the men who had murdered his great-grandson's grandson. The stately cathedral city of Utrecht, centre and stronghold of the Netherlands, must surely have paused to feel its old scars throb again when the hordes of yelling Frenchmen swept down its sleepy streets. But the anthem that ceaselessly pealed from the hearts of these comrade-conquerors was a new song, a young song, an ever fresh psalm

of hope and of hate. The Marseillaise! It was everywhere, simultaneously, at once. The stolid Utrecht burghers, taking up the burden, bent beneath its weight.

On the first frenzy of disorder followed a long lull of exhaustion and expectant alarm. Darkness was come, and winter: the cold hand of the new tyrant gripped at the throats which had so recently sung. Men slunk away into corners, and whispered of the good old days, before they were free.

Along the Old Canal, in the heavy winter silence, the snow lay thick upon the two wide lines of road. Down below slept the

water, ice-bound. On both sides, the massy mansions, closely barred and shuttered, sank away into the starless night. A thick mist spread softly; here and there a murky oil-lamp made a yellow stain.

The hush of the muffled street was in the houses. People moved noiselessly when they moved at all. There was nowhere a sound of laughter, for the children were gone to bed.

In one of the most imposing of those solid, seventeenth-century burgher-palaces hangs the portrait, beside the mantelpiece, of a very lovely girl, in a short waist, and a not unbecoming turban, like the Empress Josephine's. Her eyes are calmly luminous; her lips

are parted, as if about to speak. Men have told that her voice, in its day, was a golden splendour. The day is over: the voice is still.

On that snow-steeped night of the French Oppression the voice was making hushed music in a corner of the solemn habitation. The dusk of the empty drawing-room lay troubled by vague candles; beyond, in the little landscape-painted boudoir, a low lamp spread its gentle circle against the gloom. In the light, on a stiff Louis XVI. chair, white and gold, sat the daughter of the house, Elizabeth Pareys. And before her, on a lazy, yet uncomfortable settee, lounged young Eduard van Bredel, from the big mansion on the opposite side of the canal—Eduard van Bredel, whom she had known since her childhood, and who, when these troubles were over, was, with general approval, to make her his wife.

"My father declares," said Elizabeth sadly, "that it is quite impossible the city should satisfy the French general's latest demand."

"The city will do as it did before," replied Eduard lightly. "It will clap its hands to its pockets, and Balloux will kick them off."

Elizabeth shuddered. "He is a terrible man," she said, "Balloux!"

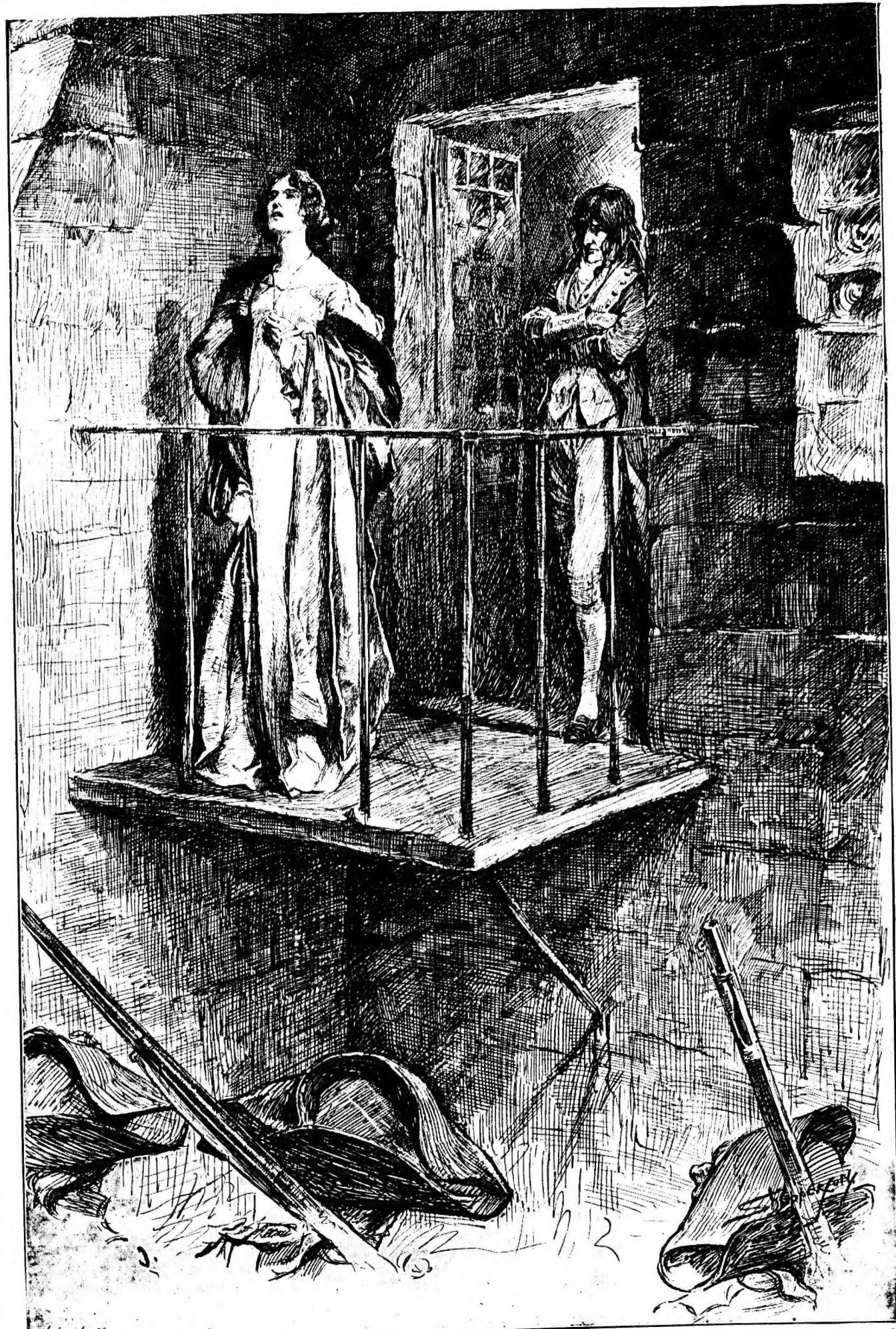
"He is your bugbear," replied Eduard, "ever since he paid you a compliment!"

"A compliment!" cried the girl impetuously. "It was an intentional insult. Still do I seem to hear his odious accents, in the silence of the room full of people. 'Citoyenne, I am informed you have the most beautiful voice in Utrecht: I trust you will favour me, and my officers, and my soldiers, by letting us hear it sing the most beautiful of songs!'"

"Whereupon my lady drops him a curtsy," laughed Eduard. "Monsieur," she says, "I have not yet been able to learn the tune!"

Elizabeth sat gazing at her daintily slipped feet. "It was my fault," she said, "for being at the rout. But my father had desired me to go."

"So it was not your fault. Yet, confess that



"The commandant came back to the window, and stood watching her, waiting. Suddenly she straightened herself, flung him a glance of triumphant derision, and, lifting her white throat on high, sent forth, tremulously at first, on the cold air, and then with increasing assurance, the fiercely jubilant notes of the most passionate of war-songs."

he treated you decently. You rebuffed him before the whole assembly, him the lord and master—the citizen-lord and master—of us all, and he merely replied, ‘You will learn it some day,’ as he turned on his heel.”

“He reddened,” said Elizabeth, with girlish satisfaction. “No, I shall never learn it. I loathe the beautiful words.” Even as she spoke, a man passed outside in the silence, whistling, along the canal, the tune of “The Marseillaise.” Eduard smiled.

She struck her foot on the floor. “These horrors always seem to amuse you,” she cried. “I believe you would laugh if you dared!”

“I dare,” he answered, briskly. “I believe I am the only person in this city, out of his teens, who can still see the humorous side of anything. And yet, as men live nowadays, I am old, twenty-two. Come, Betty, I am not Balloux. Nor need you bear the cares of state upon those lovely shoulders. Sing me ‘Le doux Berger’ to your spinet. That, after all, is common sense!”

“Common sense!” she cried, bounding on her slender chair. “Certainly. The doux Berger is occupied with his own joys and sorrows. Life to him is not the public good, but ‘Dorine.’ I am tired of the Human Race, Betty. I wish you would talk about ourselves.”

“The Human Race!” retorted his fair companion indignantly. “Am I a sans-culotte, because my most royalist father reads Rousseau? Your thoughts wander, Mynheer Eduard. My thoughts were of our own fatherland. Are you tired of that, too?”

He flushed slightly. “Our fatherland,” he answered, “by which I suppose you mean this good city of Utrecht, is all right as things go. The Frenchman hustles the new Conscript Fathers a bit: well, they shouldn’t have asked him to come and do it.” He rose and walked across to the spinet, humming:

Viens, ma Dorine adorée—ah, Dorine!

“Oh, tush,” she interrupted, “it is the whole country I am thinking of, and you know it! The whole country, overrun and ill-treated. And—and——” her voice dropped to a whisper—“the Prince——!”

“Hist!” he turned hastily to the wide-open folding doors, the twilight of the vast room beyond. Then coming back to her, “There are no Princes nowadays,” he said in a low tone.

“I have not forgotten mine,” she replied haughtily. “I have you?”

He laughed outright, just a trifle harshly.

“What a poor idea of me you have,” he said, “of my memory, or my interest in anything. Well, I fear you are justified. But I have not forgotten your promise, made at dinner, to sing to me while your father was out.”

“It is murmured,” she went on, breathless with the haste of her words, “that better times are coming. The Prince himself, they say, is about to make a descent, in a day or two, on the coast with a few trusty followers. All right-minded Dutchmen will assemble at his call——”

Eduard held up his hands.

“My dear Betty, I know! Spare me, I beg of you. These things have been murmured for months in the coffee houses, on the market place, where everyone could hear them! They are the secret of the town-crier. Meanwhile, the Prince remains in London, practising—to drink port.”

She recoiled, stung and quivering. “You judge of others by yourself,” she said, and there were tears in her voice. “And what can the Prince do when they write across to him that the men of Holland are become women? Would that I were by his side to tell him that the women are ready to be men!”

“Kenau Hasselaar!” he cried, again with a laugh, citing the great heroine of Dutch history, “mind that Balloux doesn’t hear you.” His voice grew grave. “Betty, you shouldn’t say these reckless things—not even here.”

“Balloux? I am not afraid of Balloux.”

“Are you not? I am. Perhaps because I have seen more of him. Come, Betty, sing me my ‘Romance.’ In another moment your father will be returning for his tea.”

She stood with her hand on the spinet, trying to steady herself. Her face and neck were flushed, against the whiteness of her frock.

“And you a former Prince’s officer!” she said, in accents of slow scorn. “You, a soldier—no, never a soldier—an epauletted dangler after petticoats! Eduard, I wish you would leave me. I shall not sing to-night.”

“You used to think very differently of me, Betty, once.”

“You must forgive me. You looked very brave in your unstained uniform.”

“And that is all you have to say to me to-night? You are sending me away in anger. Don’t do that to-night!”

“And why not to-night?” She looked up at him.

“Neither to-night, nor at any other time.”

She dropped her glance. “Leave me,” she said. “Oh, Eduard, go away! Don’t touch my hand! We are not engaged!”

He abandoned the fingers he was lifting to his lips.

“No, we are not engaged,” he repeated. “It is right of you to remember that.” He walked away to the folding doors without looking back:

“Viens, ma Dorine adorée—ah, Dorine!”

She ran after him.

“Eduard,” she panted, and all her passion seemed to rise to her lips, “you laugh, and you sing, and your country bleeds! My father looks grave—you talk of a comedy. I weep—you bid me sing you a love-song! Ah, I did not know; how could I? I did not know.”

He made her a low bow, with a wide sweep of his tight-sleeved arm.

“But you will—you will!” The words choked her.

“Will what?”

“When the Prince calls, you will answer!”

“Mademoiselle, I will do so. I will tell him, as you desired to do, that the ladies of Holland are become men. They will not sing love-songs, I shall say; they will only talk politics.”

She turned her back upon him. For a moment he stood as if expectant, as if anxious to speak. Then he went away.

In the hall he met the master of the house, who had just entered, a stately patrician, in the prime of life. The young man drew aside, with deference.

“Nothing to be done, my good Eduard,” began Mynheer

Pareys, gloomily. “It is never the slightest use appealing to Balloux. Nothing moves him. ‘You are my brothers,’ he keeps saying, ‘my brothers!’ Ay, as kittens to a hungry tiger; such brothers of his are we.”

“At least he has a sense of humour,” remarked Eduard, “that is always a thing to be thankful for.”

“I do not understand you in the least,” replied Mynheer Pareys.

Eduard van Bredel could not repress a smile. His was a laughing face in those trouble times; perpetual sunshine seemed to ripple across it against the background of cloud. He made as if about to say something; in his day, however, young people replied to, but did not “answer,” their elders. He stood waiting for permission to depart; his careless eyes inspecting the clear outline of his black silk hose.

“You are going already?” said the patrician, suddenly reverting from his own reflections. “Taking yourself off before tea? Had enough of Betty’s company—fie!”

The young man murmured of important business.

“Yes, yes, I know your business. Only this evening, as it happens, two very different gentlemen have spoken of it to me. One was the worthy Dominé Pruttelling, who gravely reproved me for allowing you to make love to my daughter and also to demoiselle Francetta!—well?”

“Nay, Mynheer, I said nothing.”

“A pretty reply to a father. It is true, then. I will not demand that young men should be saints; I was not in my day”—the grave gentleman smiled—“although I did not think that was to be one of the results of the great Revolution! But you, Eduard, you are really too openly ‘Régence’—too entirely what I lately heard called with a new term that struck me, ‘ancien régime.’”

“I am not so bad as that, sir. But I plead guilty to occasional, quite harmless, calls on Francetta. She is amusing in these dull days. Also, at the coffee-house, there is always excellent coffee and gay music. But who, I beg of you, was the other person so superfluously interested in my welfare?”

“The Commandant himself.”

“Balloux! What did he say?” Van Bredel turned pale.

“Nothing much. He inquired—carelessly enough—if the pretty young lady who had refused to sing ‘The Marseillaise’ (stupid girl!) was not my daughter—a thing he must have known perfectly well—and if you were not courting her.”

“But what else?”

“Eduard, you are indeed not ‘ancien régime.’ In my day, if we were gay, we were at least also gallant. What else? Why, he added: ‘The Citizen Bredel’ (detestable jargon!) ‘has peculiar amusements: he varies his distractions.’ He referred, of course, like the good Dominé, to the Italian coffee-house woman. His officers spend half their day there. He himself pays her attentions, it is said. Indeed, Eduard, I speak seriously. You must alter your habits, my son. Come back to the tea-table.”

“Not to-night,” replied the young man hurriedly; “I cannot to-night. Indeed, there are important—indeed, I should but too gladly!—to-morrow, I hope——” His hand was on the great brass lock of the front door—he fled into the street. Mynheer Pareys stood gazing for a moment at the massive slab of shiny oak. “Truly, fashions are changed,” he said, half aloud; “only the vices remain as they were.” It was seven o’clock; he went into the drawing-room for his three cups of tea. He was not an imaginative or original man: he took life as it came.

Eduard van Bredel passed swiftly along the dim line of houses in the cold night air and mist. “Balloux!” he muttered to himself mechanically, “Balloux!”—he drew his many-caped dark-blue overcoat closer.

Somebody touched him on the shoulder. “Citizen Bredel, you must come with me,” said a low voice distinctly at his ear. He started aside with a gesture of self-defence. “Come quickly. There are two more of us. Come!”

II.

“WHERE are you taking me?” asked Eduard as the muffled figures hurried him along.

“You will see soon enough. And, besides, you know.”

“You a Dutchman—and to be doing this work!”

“I am no Dutchman. Or, rather, I am more than a common Dutchman; I am a patriot. See, these two are my brethren of the universal brotherhood; they are French—eh, frères?”

“Oui, oui, frères,” echoed the two assistants, and pushed Eduard round a turning. The dismal streets were deserted and very dark. In the distance a troop could be heard—doubtless drunken French soldiery—howling “The Marseillaise.”

The “patriot” policeman passed, under a smoking oil-lamp, through a back entry and up a narrow staircase. A door was thrown open, and Eduard stood, as he had expected, in a large half-lighted room, full of dusk and tobacco-smoke, before a couple of uncouth men, at a table, in the slovenly uniform of the French Republic. A dozen times he had pictured the scene to himself, and now it had come true.

“This, citizen-adjudant,” said the “patriot,” “is the prisoner.”

“Hold your tongue till you’re spoken to,” was the reply. The speaker drew a black bottle towards him, and poured out a tumbler of wine.

“You are Citizen Bredel,” he began, after two minutes of affected neglect, “a former officer of the guard. You have conspired to betray this city into the hands of the so-called Prince of Orange, former tyrant of these free states. And you will be shot to-morrow in the name of the Republic, one and indivisible. Have you anything to say? Quick!”

“It will not be the first crime the Republic has committed,” answered Eduard, coldly.

“Citizen-police—whatever you are, take him away.”

“I am a commissary, an’t please you, citizen-adjudant,” objected the “patriot” humbly. He laid hold of Eduard’s arm.

“I would fain know my accusers,” protested the prisoner.

“The Republic accuses you and condemns you. Take him away!”

At that moment a door opened from a brilliantly illumined inner room. A woman came through rapidly, on her way out. By the table she started, stopped, in the dull lamp-light, her eyes on the prisoner. It was the pretty, gaily bedizened coffee-house keeper, known to all the town of those days as “Francetta.”

“Just so,” said the prisoner.

“Aha, it is you!” cried the foreign woman, with many gestures and exclamations. “It is you, my fine gentleman, who think common girls are made to be mocked! The great burgher-ladies for marriage—I grant you it is reasonable—but the likes of us not even for love-making, real or pretended—only mockery; ah! it is too much! Had you even made semblance to love me, I had forgiven you!—but you merely sought to use me; you despised me: that is all.”

“It is true,” replied the prisoner; “not that I despised you—God forbid! But that I sought to use you because of your intercourse with the Frenchmen. Nothing else. Well, I am to be shot to-morrow. You are avenged.”

A sudden trembling fell upon Francetta where she stood. Her eyes sought the floor. When she spoke again, her voice was broken. “Who would endeavour,” she said, softly, “to use a woman, knowing so little of a woman’s heart? Silly lad, had you but pretended—but pretended—I had been content!”

“I cannot pretend,” replied the prisoner, rather ruefully.

The Republican adjudant burst out laughing. “Come, charming Francetta,” he said, “surely that is enough. Will you have a glass of wine, my dear? Take the traitor away!”

The commissary led his prisoner to a little cell on the ground floor, and there locked him up for his last night on earth. Before finally closing the door, however, the worthy official turned. “If there is anything I can do for you, citizen, in reason,” he began, “any message you would care to have taken, and paid for——”

Eduard held out a gold piece. “There,” he said, “that is what I should have spent at Francetta’s to-night. Take it, and go and tell Mynheer Pareys what has happened. Ask him, if he can do anything for me, to do it. And bid him not tell his daughter.”

The policeman bit the gold piece. “The money is in better hands,” he said, “than those of an Italian adventuress.”

“Oh, aren’t those women your sisters, too?” replied Eduard. He turned away in disgust, and stood staring through the heavy window bars into the black night. “And you a Dutchman!” he said reflectively.

“I am a patriot,” replied the other, and took himself off.

It was not far to the mansion on the Old Canal: the stately patrician received the messenger in an ante-room, and listened, with contracting eyebrows, to his tale.

“Convicted of conspiring to deliver the town into the hands of the Prince’s followers!” cried Mynheer Pareys, sitting back in the big armchair. “Mynheer van Bredel!—Citizen van Bredel!—Impossible!”

“Very possible,” said the commissary.

“Thank God,” spoke an earnest voice behind them. Elizabeth Pareys stood in the door.

“Eavesdropping!” cried her father, starting up with an outburst of nervous fury.

“No, father, I was passing through. Father, how have we wronged Eduard! I rejoice—oh, I rejoice! Now, you will get him exiled. He will join the Prince.”

“No, indeed, he is to be shot to-morrow,” interposed the patriot, with a leer which was almost a grin.

“Shot!” screamed the old man. Elizabeth stood quite still.

“Pray, why not?” said the man.

“Get me my hat!—my coat!” cried Mynheer Pareys, running to and fro. “I will go to the Commandant this instant. Elizabeth, I will go the Commandant.”

“The Citizen-Commandant,” said the wooden-faced commissary, “admits no one on any pretext after nine. You cannot see him to-night.”

“But I——!” exclaimed the patrician, drawing himself up.

“No, citizen,” said the man. After a moment’s triumph he added: “You can go to him to-morrow morning at six. The traitor will not be shot till daybreak.”

“But it’s dark at six,” objected Mynheer Pareys testily. His daughter took a swift step forward, then drew back. “Here is money,” continued the patrician, in haste, “a silver piece. Take it, and tell your master that Pareys will be with him to-morrow at dawn.”

“I have no master,” replied the patriot, pocketing the money. “I will see that your message reaches the Citizen Balloux. Good-night.” The young lady, as he turned to pass her, drew her white frock aside. He noticed the movement. “Good-night!” he repeated; the word “citoyenne” stuck in his throat.

“Eduard! Is it possible!” repeated the patrician, stupefied in his chair. “Of all people—Eduard! The madman! And I, who deemed him only a fool! He has cheated us all.”

“He has spared us,” said Elizabeth. “He would not allow us to share his danger. I have wronged him most cruelly. And he was silent.”

“He will certainly be shot,” cried Mynheer Pareys in his most irritable tones.

Elizabeth sank forward on her knees. “Oh, father, you will save him!” she exclaimed. “It cannot, cannot be. You will get him away to England. We will wait for better times!”

“I—what can I effect, girl?” And with Balloux? He will do whatever he chooses, in all things. If I were a creature like Francetta, now! That would be very different. He is a Frenchman, and, therefore, as they all are, with women a fool! Yet not such a fool, either—the ruffian! Hist! There, don’t cry. I will go to him at daybreak. What little I can I will do. Girl, get thee to bed. God bless thee. There’s hope yet. Good-night.”

She went up to her room, and threw herself, dressed, on the bed. The slow hours flew by. And the same few thoughts seemed stationary in her brain, yet ceaselessly revolving, like the glitter of a paper windmill. She had wronged him cruelly. She loved him, far more than she had ever realised, as women new-realise love when they have wronged. He had spared her, and, still more, perhaps, he had spared her father. They must save him. As for her father, he might come too late. She was a woman—she!

She was a woman. She got up, lit a candle, looked at her face in the glass. Men had told her it was a lovely face. Her mirror told her so, and that perhaps is better still. It told her also that her features were distraught, that her dress was disordered. She arranged both as well as she could. As she stood looking into her own eyes, uncertain, the clock on the mantelshelf struck six. At this moment the terrible Commandant was rising. Did he sleep? In less than an hour it would be day.

Almost before she quite realised what she was doing, and yet very deliberately, she got out a great old-fashioned cloak of plum-coloured flowered satin and fur, wrapped it round her white evening dress, and slipped downstairs. Her heart thumped as she drew back the heavy door-bolts. In a few moments the servants would be stirring about the silent house.

She hastened along the still sleeping streets. She had never been out alone in the dark before. But she did not think of that, or of any possible alarms and dangers. Only of the terror at the end.

By the back entry to the Commandant's quarters, in the old Town Hall, which she knew as every child in the city, she hesitated, alarmed. A figure was standing in the shadow. The figure came forward.

"And, pray, what make you here?" hissed Francetta's shrill voice. "Some hussy come after the Commander? Wait till the guard hauls you off to the guard-house! Or just let me get at your soft cheeks with my nails! Dear Heaven, 'tis his sweetheart!"

"Help me to speak to the Commandant. You are a woman. Help me," said Elizabeth Pareys.

"And do you fancy that I cannot speak to the Commandant?" asked Francetta, in the doorway, in the dusk. "Ha, look you, pretty miss, I am the Commandant."

"Then, whatever power you have, use it, as a woman, for mercy."

"A woman, a real woman, not a bread-and-butter miss, uses power for vengeance or fruition. So do I use mine."

Elizabeth drew back. "I do not understand you," she said icily. "Nor do I understand why you bar my path. Let me pass. There is haste!"

"Your lover is *there*," whispered Francetta, pointing to a small barred window, high up in the wall of the entry.

"Your look betrays wonder that I should be here, at this hour, waiting outside his prison. It is because I hate him; do you understand that, you white-blooded girl of the North? For a moment I loved him, in a way. I have loved others; I shall love again. He was handsome, he was careless; I was his mistress, and he betrayed me. Ah! look at the white-faced girl! She can redden, can she, when the fire-flame strikes her from the South? Ha, ha, ha! I must laugh. I have more claim than you. Were *you* ever his mistress? No, surely. If saving is the work to be done, it is surely not your duty but mine! I warrant you little dreamed he had a mistress. Well, now that you know, you can go home."

"Let me pass," said Elizabeth, so quietly, so haughtily, that the other shrank aside.

But at the top of the staircase the Italian caught at the young girl's skirt. "Stay!" cried Francetta, "one word! God forgive me, I lied! I am a wicked woman, my pretty! Often I know not, for wickedness, what I do. I hated—I still hate—the sight of you! But I lied against the man who will be dead in an hour. I have killed him—is that not enough for me? God forgive me, you are better than I. You, with the sound in your ears of what to you must be the lowest of infamies, your one thought is to save him—and I?" The tears rose in her voice; she repulsed them. "I have slain him," she said, calmly, "in mad spite. And now I can do nothing. I spoke a word to Balloux; he will not hear me. The tiger is jealous. I am waiting here that I may ask his forgiveness, as he goes out to his death." The all-conquering tears poured down her cheeks.

"Help me, if possible, to save him," replied Elizabeth, vainly endeavouring to steady her voice. "Bring me, for God's sake, to this man." Francetta, who had sunk down at the stair-head, picked herself up and led the way through the room in which Eduard had heard his sentence the night before. A tallow candle burned dimly on the central table; in a dark corner a sleepy figure half rose from a bench, and, seeing the two women go by, sank back with a chuckle.

Francetta threw open the door at the further end. A flood of light poured out to meet them. "In there!" she whispered, and, drawing hastily back, she closed the door again behind Elizabeth Pareys.

Elizabeth stood in a bare room, ablaze with candles. A disordered bed filled a distant corner. Books and papers and military accoutrements were piled up on a couple of oak tables and chairs. A spare man of about five-and-thirty, with long hair and yellow face, sprang up from an overloaded writing-desk.

"Well, my dear," he began carelessly, "this is rather—How now?"

"I have obtained admittance," explained Elizabeth quickly. "I am the bride of the man who is to be shot in half an hour."

"Aha! the fair citizen Pareys! The lady of 'The Marseillaise'! Citoyenne, forgive that I did not immediately recognise you. But this is not a place for you, nor the hour. I can do nothing. I regret it. I will call for your servants to take you home."

"I have no servants. I am alone."

"Is it so? And at night? Every nation has its habits. But the more easily, then, can you return. I am sorry for you. I cannot help you. The man is a traitor. Good-day."

Through the great window behind the tall commandant pale daylight began to spread against the yellow glare of the candles.

"A traitor!" exclaimed Elizabeth. "Not so, and you know it! If he has wronged the Republic—I will not gainsay it—the Republic may punish him. But he has not merited death."

"I am not here to discuss law with you," replied the French general roughly. "He has plotted against the safety of the State; we have caught him; he must die."

"But he is a Dutch citizen," pleaded Elizabeth passionately. "He has a right to be judged by our judges, our laws!"

"Unfortunately for him, his is a military offence. And the military jurisdiction is mine. I should make it mine, were it not. True, the man is quite harmless; his attempt, like all such, is absurd. But he annoys me. I shoot him. I, citizen, be thankful I do not shoot all the



SHEIKH ED IN, SON OF THE KHALIFA
A prisoner taken at Om Debrikat

harmless enemies of the Republic." He leered across at the trembling girl before him. She stopped trembling at once, for the emotion which shook her was not fear.

"Shoot whom you will," she said calmly. "Shoot me if it will afford you any pleasure. But let him go."

He sat gazing straight at her, in silence, with a look of amusement on his features; in those days men played with death.

"After all," he said with a sudden laugh, "he isn't a criminal of very much consequence. My pretty citizen, do you want your lover back very badly?"

"I want his life," faltered Elizabeth.

"Of course. Nothing else would be much good. Supposing I let him off, will you be guarantee for his future good behaviour?"

"I will—oh, God, what do you mean? What do you want?"

"Softly. Nothing much. If I let him loose on parole, I must have a surety for him whom I know to be well affected. Will you be his surety, pretty citizen?"

"I will."

"An excellent arrangement!" He stuck his hands into his breeches-pockets and thrust out both feet. "For you, citizen, as all know, are a zealous Republican!"

"I am not; my heart is with the Prince. But, if you pardon Mynheer van Bredel, I will guarantee that he troubles you no more."

"Just so. Mynheer van Bredel is a lucky man. But, citizen, I must have other proof of your good citizenship than you have accorded me hitherto." He turned, and walking to the window threw it wide open. "Pray do me the favour to step out on this balcony," he said. The raw morning flooded the night heat of the

room; over the snow-covered roofs of the city the red light streaked cold.

The Frenchman pointed down into the barren courtyard. "You see that little line of soldiers," he said, "they are waiting for the prisoner to be brought out."

Elizabeth clutched at the woodwork of the window. "What is it you want of me?" she gasped. "I will do all things—save one."

He went back to his table and lifted a little handbell. "My dear," he said, "I am not half as bad as your lovely aristocrats picture me. I will send down an order to stop the execution. In return I will ask—I am a Frenchman—not a service from a woman, but a favour. You will grant me the pleasure, once discourteously refused, of hearing the loveliest voice in all Utrecht, and, fervent lover of liberty that you are, will sing to me, and my officers and soldiers down yonder, the glorious Anthem of the Golden Age to come!"

She recoiled for a moment.

"Make haste," he said; "you have not three minutes to lose."

She flung herself out on the balcony. "Oh, cry out and stop them!" she exclaimed.

He rang his handbell. "So that is your answer," he said.

As he gave his brief order to an adjutant, Elizabeth, hanging across the parapet, saw the prisoner brought out, and the fatal preparations slowly made. The condemned man's head was bare; she could not see his face.

The commandant came back to the window, and stood watching her, waiting. Suddenly she straightened herself, flung him a glance of triumphant derision, and, lifting her white throat on high, sent forth, tremulously at first, on the cold air, and then with increasing assurance, the fiercely jubilant notes of the most passionate of war-songs. The soldiers in the courtyard stared towards the window with amazement; she felt her lover's white face uplifted, seeking her own. She stood on the balcony, immovable; the tide of her magnificent melody poured down across the sleeping city the familiar fury of the Frenchmen's Call to Arms, but the words which took swift shape as the music bore them upward were those of the Historic Hymn of the old Princes of Orange, the Reformation Song of William the Silent, the Story and the Glory of the Nation for all time!

She sang on. What matter if the metre but partly fitted the measure! the noble words leaped or lay still on the stream which swelled irresistibly onward; the thing was possible; she did it, singing on.

The Commandant, after one quick quiver of passion, stood back in the window, his arms crossed.

Having sung the first four lines, she stopped.

"You have learnt the tune, then, at least," said Balloux fiercely. "But you have deceived me. You have yet to learn the words."

Elizabeth Pareys looked him full in the face.

"Monsieur," she said, "I also know the words. They are of 'Children of the Soil,' and of 'Tyrants who oppress them!' Had I minded to deceive you, how well I could have sung the words!"

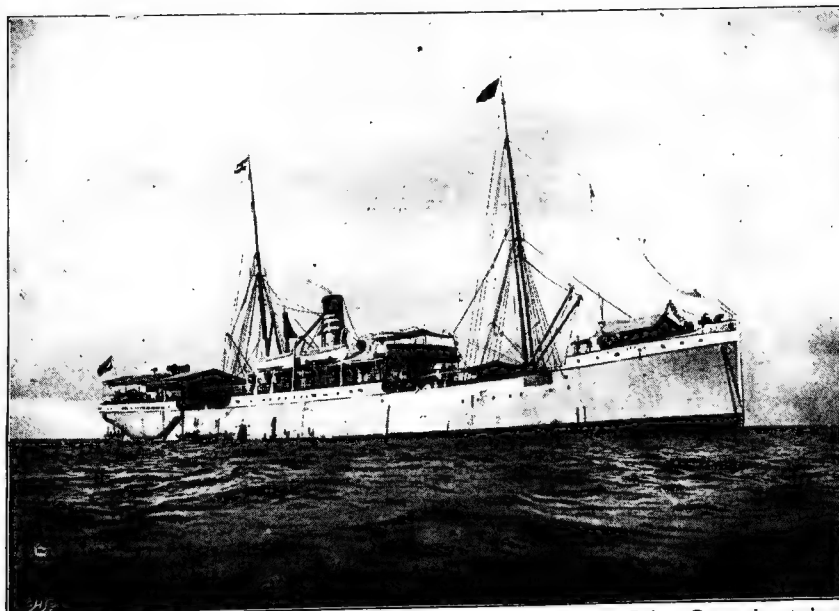
The French Commandant stepped back from the window, and, lifting his military cap: "Go to your lover," he said brusquely, "Mademoiselle."

THE END

Opening of the New Musical Season

THE new season at the Albert Hall opened on Monday, when a performance of *The Messiah* was given in somewhat similar fashion to that organised by Sir Frederick Bridge a year ago. It was supposed to be Handel unadulterated, and although in a huge building like the Albert Hall, and with an organ of proportions which Handel himself never could have imagined, it was practically impossible to realise a performance of the composer's own time, yet, at any rate, the additional accompaniments of Mozart were for the time abandoned, and Handel's own orchestration was resumed, the organ part used being that prepared by one of Sir Frederick Bridge's pupils. Of course it is quite impossible to adopt at South Kensington the balance between the instrumentalists and vocalists observed in Handel's own day. If we accepted the proportions shown by the parts used at the Foundling Chapel performance of *The Messiah* on May Day, 1753, the authorities would have been obliged to engage the impossible number of something like 135 oboes and 135 bassoons. Even then those instruments would not have been anything like those in use in Handel's own day. Under the conditions necessarily imposed the performance was, however, by no means a bad one. The cast at any rate was strong, for Madame Albani made her first appearance in London since her provincial tour, singing the soprano music. Miss Clara Butt sang for the first time here since her return from her triumphant tour in the United States, carrying off the laurels of the evening for her rendering of "He was Despised," which the enthusiastic audience tried in vain to encore, while the tenor music was entrusted to Mr. Lloyd Chandos, and the bass music to Mr. Andrew Black. Sir Frederick Bridge, of course, conducted, but the performance on the part of the choir was certainly not up to the very high average formerly attained. It is possible that more rehearsals were necessary, for the tendency to shirk full preparation in the case of so familiar an oratorio is notorious, or it may be that the fear of influenza, on a miserable night, kept some of the singers away. The state of the weather, however, did not affect the attendance, which was very large, the largest audience, in fact, at a London concert since the war set in.

The Conference of the Incorporated Society of Musicians took place this week at Scarborough. It is fifteen years since the society was founded, mainly owing to the influence of Sir Alexander Mackenzie, Mr. Cowen and other leading musicians, and the Conferences have since been held annually, four times in London, twice at Scarborough, once in Dublin, once in Edinburgh and so forth.



H.M.S. Magicienne last week seized the German liner *Bundesrath* to the north of Delagra Bay, with contraband of war on board. She was conveyed on Friday afternoon to Durban, to be brought before the Prize Court. According to Reuter's Agency there were on board the *Bundesrath* three German officers and twenty men in khaki, who were intending to serve in the Boer army

CAPTURED WITH CONTRABAND OF WAR ON BOARD

*The Graphic Headquarters
at Ladysmith*

Tents of the Imperial Light Horse



DRAWN BY JOHN CHARLTON

FROM A SKETCH BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, W. T. MAUD

Our Special Artist writes:—"The position at Ladysmith is such that the Boers on Bulwana can see and shell any part of the camp with their 6-inch guns. When the cavalry and guns returned from the reconnaissance of November 4, they were subjected to a hot shell fire. The road into the camp crosses the Klip River by a long iron bridge, and the Boers had the range of it exactly. In order to avoid this warm corner, the artillery were brought round to Mulberry Grove (*The Graphic* headquarters), and crossed the river by the drift at the bottom of the garden. The enemy saw the change of route, and, before the guns had

reached the water, shell after shell crashed over the tree tops and ploughed up the earth in all directions. By a wonderful chance neither a horse nor a man was hit. While the battery was actually struggling through the water, a 'pill' from 'Puffing Billy' on Bulwana fell into the pool and burst with a terrific explosion, hurling rocks and splinters far and wide. The gunners took their peppering with splendid coolness, and passed on to their lines at the walk, just as though returning from a field day at Aldershot."

UNWELCOME ATTENTION FROM THE ENEMY: GUNNERS CROSSING THE KLIP RIVER UNDER SHELL FIRE



FROM A SKETCH BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, W. T. MAUD

Our Special Artist writes:—"On Saturday afternoon, November 18, the Gordon Highlanders got up a game of football, which was played just outside their camp. The eagle-eyed Boer

gunners on Bulwana saw what was passing, and presently 'Puffing Billy' dropped a shell into the centre of the ground. Fortunately it was a sandy spot, and the shell burst underground, and did

no damage beyond making a big hole. This the Gordons filled up, and then resumed their game as though nothing unusual had happened."

DRAWN BY FRANK CRAIG

football, which was played just outside their camp. The eagle-eyed Boer fortunately saw a sandy spot, and the captain struck sand-ground and the centre of the ground. A GAME INTERRUPTED ON THE GORDONS' GROUND AT LADYSMITH

Chronicle of the War

By CHARLES LOWE

Royal Greetings

"THE QUEEN! God bless her! Three cheers for the Queen! Hip-hip-Hurrah!" Such must have been the many thousand-throated cries, in themselves a decided enough proclamation of the Empress-Queen's supremacy over all South Africa, with which Her Majesty's Christmas and New Year greetings to her troops were read forth to them on parade in every camp. "I wish you (General So-and-So) and all my brave soldiers a happy Christmas. God protect and bless you all!" And again, a few days later: "I wish you all a bright and happy New Year. God bless you!" Could anything have been more simple, more touching, proving, for the hundredth time, that the Mistress of the Seas is also a mistress of the art of happily expressed, heart-felt words?

Turning the Tide

Indeed, the Queen's prayer that God would bless her troops in the New Year was already beginning to be fulfilled with the stroke of the last hour of the year. At that hour General French, upwards Colesberg, was in the act of effecting a turning movement which may be regarded as the turning of the tide of war. It was French who won Mlands Laagte, and it was most fortunate that by the very skin of his teeth, he managed to get out of Ladysmith just before it was cut off from communication with the outer world. While disaster has been dogging the footsteps of his fellow-generals, he himself has been attended by invariable good luck—which is sometimes but another name for genius, "the capacity for taking trouble." But this much must be said in qualification of his happy performances, as compared with the less fortunate achievements of his colleagues. French is a cavalry officer, and his command mainly consists of the mounted arm, which thus places him, so far, on a footing of equality with the Boers. His mobility has consequently left nothing to be desired, but to swiftness of movement he has added sagacity of tactical design. The Boers were in possession of Colesberg, and General French wanted to drive them out of it; but not in the manner of Buller and of Methuen—thanks to his greater mobility. Leaving half of the 1st Suffolks and a section of the R.H.A. in front of the Boer position at Rensburg, French himself started with five squadrons, half of the 2nd Berkshires and eighty mounted infantry (the latter two in waggons for the sake of expedition and economy of energy), and made a wide détour which, after a rest of four hours at a certain farm, brought him, in one of "the wee short hours ayont the twa," on New Year's morning—the better day, the better deed!—to a position commanding the right flank of the Boers, into whose ribs he poured an enfilading fire, bewildering to the Boer mind, which had come to the belief that the only thing it had to deal with was the feint attack of the sons of anything but "silly Suffolk," aided by the guns of the R.H.A., in their front. But scarcely less bewildering than this sudden appearance of French and his mounted folk on the Boer right, was the hot artillery

fire, ultimately silenced by French, which opened on himself from this right *with guns and ammunition from Woolwich*. "We were near enough," said one observer, "to see they were using British 15-pounder field-pieces, and inspection of some of their shells shows they were manufactured at the Royal Laboratory, Woolwich." At the battle of Modder River, Methuen had been fortunate enough to capture a wounded ex-Sergeant-Major, one Greener, who had deserted several years ago from the Balloon Department of the Royal Engineers at Aldershot, and boasted to have taught the Boers how to construct the trenches which had proved so fatal to so many of our brave fellows. But this Greener revelation was nothing to the disclosure that the fifteen-pounders of Woolwich were being employed to rain death and destruction on French's cavalry and mounted infantry at Colesberg. *Quousque tandem?* Were these some of the guns which Buller had lost at Colenso? Or, more probable, perhaps, were they the two unlucky field-pieces which Gatacre had to abandon at Stormberg—one of them overturned in a donga, and the other inextricably sunk in a quicksand? In any case, they and all the other Boer guns were soon put out of action, while the Boers themselves, taken in front and flank, and finally in rear, "scooted" off to the east, leaving their laager and stores in our hands, as also the old coach road over the Orange River.

"Sons of the Empire" Fight

Good business, indeed, by way of a beginning of the New Year—an action which had been preceded at Dordrecht by the bold extrication of a party of Cape Mounted Rifles—who had remained behind in a donga rather than desert a wounded officer—by Captain Montmorency, one of the V.C. heroes of Omdurman. Moreover, Colonel Pilcher, of the Bedfordshire regiment—in which John Bunyan would probably have been serving as a Christian soldier if he had lived in our time—equally celebrated New Year's Day by defeating a Boer commando at Sunnyside, about twenty miles to the north-west of Belmont, and capturing

their laager, with forty prisoners, besides killing and wounding many—but at a loss of three Australian troopers killed, and one of their officers dangerously wounded. "Advance, Australia!" and it has now done so—side by side with Canada, which was also represented by a hundred of her troopers—with credit to herself and advantage to the Empire, in the service of which it has already received its baptism of fire. The Sunnyside Boers—mainly consisting, no doubt, of Griqualand rebels—were doubtless planted there for the double purpose of threatening Lord Methuen's line of communications, and watching any attempt on his part to make a flanking movement round the right of the Boers still confronting him in a fortified crescent of more than twenty miles in extent.

For there is every indication that Methuen, justly fearing General Kopje more than General Cronje, does not intend to commit himself to another frontal attack before at least the arrival of reinforcements in men and guns which have not yet reached him; and, meanwhile, the only items of intelligence from his camp are that he has established a market for the barter of tea and other groceries in return for the milk, eggs, and vegetables offered him by the adjacent farmers; that he has a nightly knack of giving the "jumps" to the apprehensive Boers in front of him, and of making them burst forth in wildly prodigal showers of defensive bullets against wholly imaginary assailants; that he himself, on the other hand, is regular in sending matutinal greetings to Cronje's people in the shape of shotted salvoes from guns which Lord Wolseley, in reply to an Edinburgh correspondent, has just pronounced—in spite of all carping criticisms to the contrary—"to be at least as good as any artillery in Europe;" that he continues to exchange flash-light signals with Kimberley, which light-heartedly declared on Christmas Day that there was "plenty of food in the town to last until the arrival of relief;" and that, for the rest, the Boers show no inclination whatever to precipitate a trial of conclusions by dashing their heads either against the dynamite mines of Kekewich at Diamondopolis or the bullets and bayonets of Methuen at the Modder. On the other hand, they, the Boers of Cronje, are raking in all the reinforcement, they can think of to strengthen their crescent entrenchments before Methuen, and thus it is, among other things, that they are said to have raised the siege of Kuruman, though Commandant Visser claims to have captured "two forts" there from the British, at a place which is as devoid of forts as Ireland is of snakes.

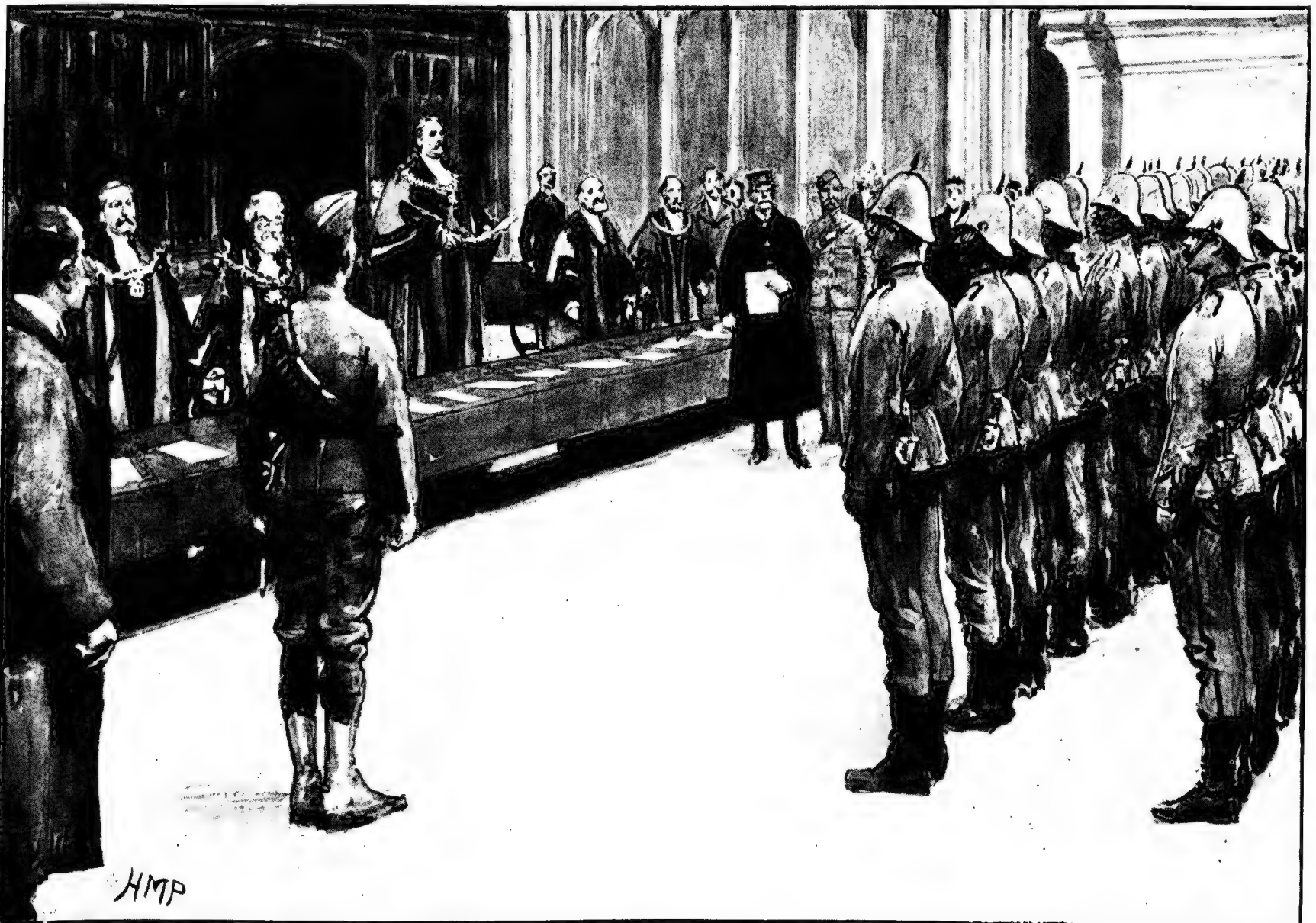
West and East

As for Kimberley, its garrison must have felt as if it had been reinforced by at least a couple of batteries when, in answer to the New Year's greetings of the inhabitants—no doubt suggested by Mr. Cecil Rhodes—the Queen telegraphed back that "I watch with admiration your determined and gallant defence, though I regret the unavoidable loss of life incurred." Up at Mafeking, on the other hand, the exchange of greetings between it and the outside world was of a different kind. It is true that the most effective form of this exchange took the shape of the surrender, under protest, by Baden-Powell, of a notorious horse-lifter, Viljoen by name, for the return of Lady Sarah Wilson, sometime a prisoner with the Boers, who was thus restored to her troglodyte existence in a bomb-proof shelter, "built under the private residence of Mr.



THOMAS GREENER

Ex-Sergeant-Major R.E., who is alleged to have served with the Boers under the name of Green. He was captured by our troops at Magersfontein, and is stated to have superintended the making of the enemy's entrenchments. Our photograph is by C. Knight, Aldershot



Detachments of the various Metropolitan Volunteer battalions who have volunteered to serve in South Africa in the City of London Imperial Volunteer Regiment, assembled on Monday morning at their respective headquarters, and marched to the Guildhall, headed by their bands. There they were drawn up in the large hall, and were received by the Lord Mayor, Sheriffs, and Aldermen. The Lord Mayor, addressing the men, said it was beyond doubt that they were inaugurating a new era in our national history. They were there with the deliberate intention of voluntarily taking upon themelves the hardships and dangers incidental to a serious

campaign. The object they had in view was worthy of even so great a sacrifice. This country had been forced to the arbitrament of war, and would not sheathe the sword until her supremacy in South Africa was established. Their splendid patriotism was duly appreciated. To them belonged signally the honour of leading a movement which stirred every city, town, and hamlet throughout the kingdom. As Chief Magistrate of the City of London, he could but offer feeble thanks in return for their devotion to Queen and country. The men were then sworn in.

THE CALL TO ARMS: THE LORD MAYOR ADDRESSING THE CITY OF LONDON IMPERIAL VOLUNTEERS BEFORE ENROLLING THEM

DRAWN BY H. M. PAGET

Julius Neil, where she can offer a friendly visitor a whiskey-and-soda with a cigarette." But, not content with this exchange of prisoners, Baden-Powell addressed a chaffing circular to his Boer besiegers, saying that merely to sit down before a place like Mafeking was not the way to take it; and soon thereafter, as if to show them how to go about it, he ordered another sortie one day towards Christmas, by means of an armoured train, and all the rest of it, with the result, according to the Boer version, that this outfall was repulsed with the loss of over a hundred killed and wounded. But from Baden-Powell himself we have still no confirmation of those Boer-source losses.

On the other hand, there is no confirmation either from a Boer or a British source of the Kaffir statement that the garrison of Ladysmith had, with the bayonet, captured another Boer position with its gun, and retained them. While himself was silent on the subject, though he photographed the killing and wounding of several officers of the Devonshire regiment by a Boer shell, and also, on the last day of the year, that "the number of cases of dysentery and fever is increasing." Sickness was increasing, but so at the same time was the confidence of the garrison that it would be able to hold out till relieved by General Buller; while the army of Buller, on its part, now split up into Divisions under Generals Clery and Warren respectively—and aggregating probably about 30,000 men—is equally hopeful of being able to shake hands with the beleaguered of Ladysmith at no distant date.

A New Military Era

Meanwhile, whatever betides, the first day of the year 1900 will always be remembered as a red-letter day in the history of our Empire, for it beheld the tide of empire-making decidedly turn in our favour; it recorded the success of General French; but, more significant than all, it witnessed the first victory of a shoulder-to-shoulder body of our "sons of the Empire"—Australians, Canadians, and home-born Britons fighting in the common cause of the Queen; and at the Guildhall, the very heart of the Empire, it also beheld the enrolment of the first draft of the City of London Imperial Volunteers, who, of their own free will, have emerged from the ranks of our citizen soldiers to place themselves on a footing of fighting equality with the Queen's regular troops. "It may be a vexed question," said the Lord Mayor, in addressing the Volunteers, "whether or not the first day of January ushers in the new century, but it is beyond doubt that you to-day inaugurate a new era in our national history." And the dawn of this new era was further emphasised by the offer of horses for service in South Africa from every native chief in India—the Maharajah of Patiala leading the way with the present of a splendid Arab charger to Lord Roberts. It is noteworthy, also, that twelve of our Militia battalions have volunteered for foreign service—seven of them in South Africa and the others in the Channel Islands and the Mediterranean. It is another gratifying sign of the times that applications for admission into the ranks of the Imperial Yeomanry—of which, by the way, the Prince of Wales has become Honorary Chief—are far beyond the receiving powers of the authorities; while there is also every indication that few battalions at the front will have to lack the Volunteer companies that may be attached to them.



The Maharaja Scindhia Lord Curzon
THE VICEROY'S FIRST TIGERS IN GWALIOR



"To me it seems that the times have passed by when the rulers or the deputies of rulers can anywhere live with impunity in the clouds of Olympus. They must descend from the hilltop and visit the haunts of men." We quote these words from a speech by the Viceroy at a durbar held at Lucknow, because they so exactly describe his conception of his duties as Governor-General of India. Lord Curzon has earned golden opinions everywhere for the faithful manner in which he has filled his high office, and has won the favour of the native populations by the warm interest he has taken in them and their concerns. Returning from a tour of inspection of the plague and famine-stricken districts in the Central Provinces, Lord Curzon made a most successful tour in the North-West Provinces, visiting Agra, where he was in camp for nine days, Cawnpore, Lucknow, Jejjulpore, Gwalior, Bhopal, and other places. Everywhere he was received with enthusiasm by the people and with lavish hospitality on the part of native princes. Our illustrations are by Raja Deen Dayal and Sons

THE VICEROY'S TOUR: LORD AND LADY CURZON ASCENDING SANCHI HILL, NEAR BHOPAL



DRAWN BY FRANK FAYN, R.A.

FROM A SKETCH BY A BRITISH OFFICER

CAUGHT ON THE HOP: AN INCIDENT ON THE TOP OF THE KOPJE AT BELMONT STORMED BY THE GRENADIER GUARDS

Club Comments

By "MARMADUKE"

It might pass as current proverbial coin that if you want others to have confidence in you have confidence in yourself. The great fault which weighs down almost every writer is that he fears to launch his own ideas. Mr. Winston Churchill, whose name is now prominently—and probably permanently—before the public, is an exception. His telegraphic messages and letters to the *Morning Post* fearlessly express his opinions—which is the more remarkable seeing that Mr. Churchill is a very young man. He will certainly have a seat at the General Elections; history has yet to tell whether he will distinguish himself in the House.

Character, not cleverness, tells most in the House. Many of the most able men who have been returned to Parliament have not distinguished themselves there. Sir Isaac Newton, for instance, is said to have only once spoken in the House. He asked that one of the windows should be shut.

The New Year's Honours List, which was published on Monday, did not create much excitement. The one surprising item in the list is the appointment of Lord Cromer to the Privy Council. Seeing the almost dominating position which Lord Cromer has secured in recent years, it is unaccountable that he should not before now have been added to the Council. Indeed, it is certain that ninety-nine well-informed men would have been convinced that Lord Cromer was a Privy Councillor of some years' standing. These Honours Lists might be described as—Appointments and Disappointments. Lord Kitchener has been called from Egypt, and has been despatched to the front to deal with the military difficulty that has arisen. Is Lord Cromer destined to be also withdrawn from Egypt in the not remote future, to employ his great administrative qualities in reorganising the machinery of Government in England? It may be that Lord Cromer is the man whose name is to be associated with the hour.

The death of Sir James Paget removes the name of another great

them visit many patients free of charge, and were they to be indiscreet they could name several patients to whom they have advanced money with but a faint hope of its ever being repaid.

Our Portraits

CHARLES AUGUSTUS BENNET, sixth Earl of Tankerville, was the only son of the fifth earl by the daughter of the late Duc de Gramont. Born in 1810, he was educated at Christ Church, Oxford, and when only twenty-two years of age was returned in the Conservative interest for Northumberland as the first member for the constituency in the reformed Parliament. This seat he held until 1859, when he was summoned to the House of Lords in his father's barony of Ossulston. A month later he succeeded to the earldom. On the formation of the Derby Government in 1866, Lord Tankerville was appointed captain of the Corps of Gentlemen-at-Arms, and in the following year became Lord Steward of the Household. With his resignation in 1868 of the latter appointment, Lord Tankerville's official career ceased, and he had for many years resided almost exclusively at his Northumberland seat, Chillingham Castle, famous for its herd of white cattle. Our portrait is by M. Nestler, Vevey.

Sir John Lubbock holds a distinguished position as banker, scientist and the originator of Bank Holidays. He is the fourth holder of a baronetcy which was created in 1806, and the head of the well-known banking firm of Roberts, Lubbock, and Co. Born

fine corps known as the Natal Naval Volunteers, and it is only a year since he resigned the commandship of that body. Another important factor in the war is mainly due to his harbour policy, for it is due to his unflagging energies that the Durban Harbour has been made serviceable. "But for his policy," writes a personal friend, "the harbour would have remained unfit for our transports, we should not have been able to cross the bar, we should have had a good deal of trouble and delay outside, and should have had to land huge masses of men, ammunition and stores in lighters. Lately, Mr. Escombe has been up at Chieveley, watching the bombardment, and our reverse there may have had some effect upon his health." The Right Hon. Harry E. Escombe was born in 1838, at Bayswater, and was married in 1865. He was a barrister, and became Q.C. in 1893. He went to Natal, and became a resident in Durban. In Natal he was successively Attorney-General (under Sir John Robinson), and then Premier. Our portrait is by W. L. Caney, Natal.

Canon Ellison was an enthusiastic temperance advocate and worker. He founded the Church of England Temperance Society in 1862, and devoted most of his energies in carrying out its objects. Canon Ellison was ordained priest in 1839, was appointed perpetual curate of All Saints, Brighton, in 1840, vicar of Edensor in 1845, and rural dean of Bakewell in 1852. He accepted the living of New Windsor in 1855, and in 1873 was made Reader at Windsor Castle. He became Chaplain in Ordinary to the Queen in 1879 and honorary canon of Canterbury in 1894. Two of Canon Ellison's sons are now in South Africa, one—Major Ellison—on the Staff of Sir Francis Clery in Natal, and the other—the Rev. Douglas Ellison—engaged in missionary work in Grahamstown. Our portrait is by Elliott and Fry, Baker Street.

Mr. Adelbert Hay, who left London for Cape Town on Saturday to take up the post of United States Consul at Pretoria, is a son of the ex-United States Ambassador at the Court of St. James's. Mr. Hay, who will have charge of British interests in the Transvaal, has been charged with many commissions by relatives and friends of the prisoners at Pretoria.

Sir James Paget, the son of Samuel Paget, of Great Yarmouth, was born in 1814. He received his professional education at St. Bartholomew's Hospital, and was admitted a member of the Royal



SIR H. STAFFORD NORTHCOTE
Created a Peer



SIR JOHN LUBBOCK
Created a Peer



MR. ADELBERT HAY
Appointed U.S.A. Consul at Pretoria



THE LATE EARL OF TANKERVILLE



THE LATE MR. W. FORSYTH, Q.C.
Senior Bench of the Inner Temple



THE LATE SIR JAMES PAGET
Sergeant-Surgeon to the Queen



THE LATE HON. H. ESCOMBE
Late Premier of Natal



THE LATE CANON ELLISON
Founder of the C.E.T.S.

surgeon from the Medical Directory. There are those who complain that there are not so many medical giants in England as there were some years ago, when the profession had in its ranks such men as Sir William Jenner, Sir William Gull, Sir Andrew Clark, Sir James Paget, Sir Oscar Clayton, and others, whose names were more or less generally known. A medical man gradually builds up a reputation, but—in most cases—his name blazes into popularity only after some Royal personage has been through the ordeal of a serious illness. That centres public attention upon him; soon after he has a title conferred upon him, and then, his name having been familiarised and popularised, his fame and fortune are established.

The West End doctor has a grievance. Amongst his patients there are generally many men and women who have a great position, are popular, or are very rich. Some of them are not regular in paying the fees that are due, and the doctor is afraid to send an urgent request for payment for fear that such a patient would either leave him or injure his popularity. Some will keep him for several years waiting for his fees, others will altogether omit to pay them. Meanwhile the unfortunate doctor has to keep up appearances, has to have a large house at an expensive rental, and has to have his carriage and pair. Those commodities provide the necessary display of prosperity, establish confidence, and materially assist him to attain a reputation.

Many a well-known medical man as he drives at a life-and-death rate—which is often part of the theatrical scenery—is absorbed in thought, not as to the symptoms of a case, but considering how he shall keep the bailiffs out of his own house. The generosity of the majority of West End medical men is phenomenal. Almost all of

on April 30, 1834, he succeeded his father in 1865, and five years later became M.P. for Maidstone, for which constituency he sat for ten years. Since the severance of his connection with Kent he has represented London University. Ten years ago he was the Chairman of Public Accounts' Committee, and has sat on Royal Commissions for the Advancement of Science, on Public Schools, on International Coinage, on Gold and Silver, and on Education; and in 1881 he was President of the British Association in the year of its Jubilee. For twenty-five years he was Secretary of the London Bankers, and he was successively Chairman and Vice-Chairman of the London County Council. He is the author of many books on natural science and popular philosophy, and his work on ants, no less than his "Pleasures of Life," have won him world-wide fame. Our portrait is by Russell and Sons, Baker Street.

The Hon. Sir Henry Stafford Northcote's elevation to the House of Lords comes on the eve of his assuming the duties of the Governorship of Bombay. The new Governor of Bombay was born in 1846, and after leaving Eton proceeded to Oxford, and subsequently entered the Foreign Office, afterwards acting as private secretary to Lord Salisbury at the Constantinople Embassy in 1876-7. He sat until the present year as M.P. for Exeter. Two sons of the famous Sir Stafford Northcote now have seats in the Upper House. Our portrait is by Russell and Sons, Baker Street.

The Right Hon. Harry Escombe, ex-Premier of Natal, was for a number of years a member of the Natal Government. He represented the Colony in London at the Queen's Diamond Jubilee, and was at that time made a member of the Privy Council. He resigned office in October, 1897. It was Mr. Escombe who organised the

College of Surgeons in 1836. In his early years he showed promise of that industry and perseverance which were such marked features of his career, and as a lecturer his great abilities were soon recognised. At St. Bartholomew's Sir James Paget was warden of the Medical College, assistant surgeon, and afterwards surgeon; in 1871 he retired from active work at the hospital, and was appointed consulting surgeon. To mark the esteem in which he was held by his colleagues and the governors of the hospital, an address was presented to him on his retirement by the Prince of Wales in his official capacity as President. In 1873 Sir James's portrait, painted by Millais, was presented to Lady Paget, who requested the governors of the hospital to accept the picture, while she preserved a replica of it. At the Royal College of Surgeons Sir James served all the offices of importance with the exception of that of Examiner. Sir James was the recipient of honorary degrees from most of our Universities; he also held the honorary M.D. of Warzburg and Bonn. He was created a baronet in 1871, and was elected Vice-Chancellor of London University in 1884. He also held the appointments of Sergeant-Surgeon to Her Majesty the Queen and Surgeon to H.R.H. the Prince of Wales. At the Royal Medical and Chirurgical Society he served in nearly all the offices, and in 1875 and 1876 was President. Although he had retired from active practice, his loss will be greatly felt through the whole of the profession. Our portrait is by Barraud, Oxford Street.

Mr. W. Forsyth, Q.C., was one of the oldest members of the Bar, he having been over eighty-seven years of age. He entered as a student at the Inner Temple over sixty-five years ago, and had been since the recent death of Lord Penzance the senior Bench of the Inner Temple. Our portrait is by Elliott and Fry, Baker Street.



THE LATE LIEUT. ERNEST COX
Killed at Magersfontein



THE LATE LIEUTENANT R. C. B. HENRY
Killed at Colenso



THE LATE LIEUT. A. F. DALZEL
Killed at Ladysmith



THE LATE CAPTAIN A. M. BRODIE
Killed at Magersfontein

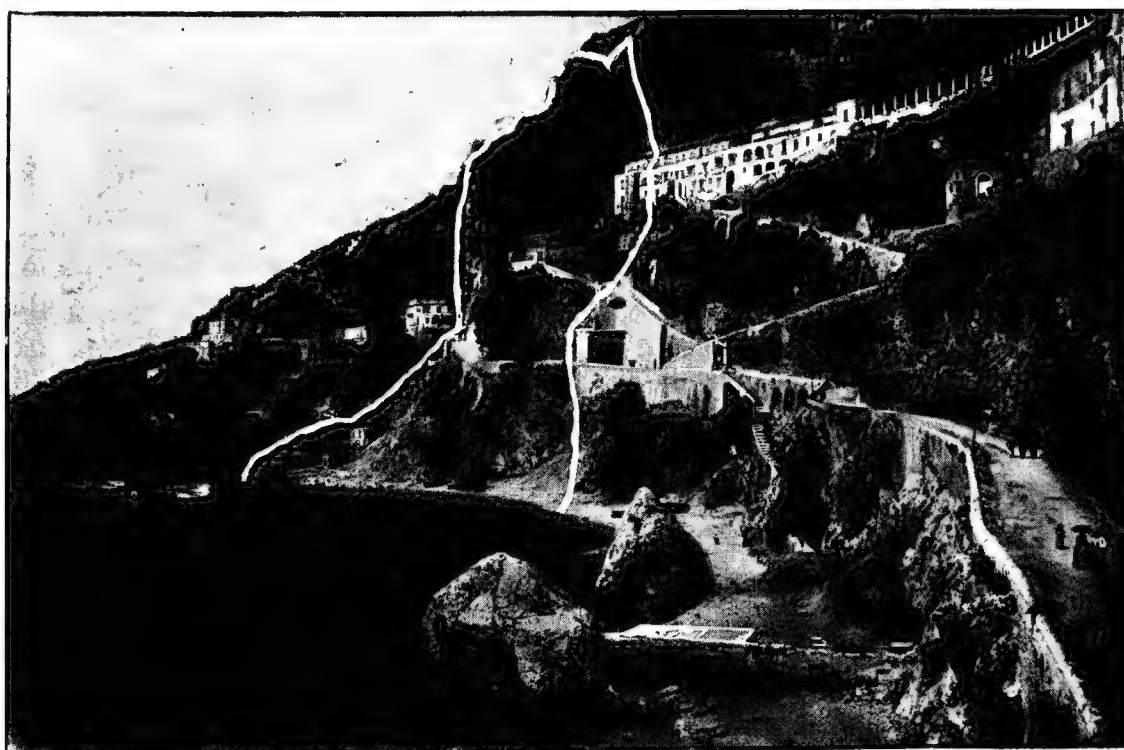
VICTIMS OF THE WAR

LIEUT. AUGUSTUS FREDERICK DALZEL, 1st Battalion Devonshire Regiment, who was killed by the bursting of a shell at Ladysmith on the 27th ult., was the only son of the late Surgeon-Major W. F. B. Dalzel, M.D., of the Bengal Army. He was born in 1870, and entered the Devonshire Regiment in January, 1892. Lieutenant Dalzel served in the operations on the North-West Frontier in 1897 with the Tirah expeditionary force, and accompanied his regiment on the despatch of the Indian contingent to Natal.

Lieutenant Ernest Cox, of the Seaforth Highlanders, who was killed at Magersfontein, acted as extra A.D.C. to General Officer Commanding the British Division during the Soudan campaign last year. He was present at the battle of Khartoum, and mentioned in despatches. He was thirty-one years of age.

Lieutenant Robert Clive Bolton Henry, who was killed in action at the battle of Colenso, December 15, 1899, was born on February 20, 1879, and gazetted second lieutenant to 2nd Battalion Royal Dublin Fusiliers May 7, 1898, from Royal Military College, Sandhurst, becoming lieutenant after taking part in the storming of Talana Hill October 20, 1899, after which he marched with his battalion, in General Yule's column, from Dundee to Ladysmith, took part in the battle of Ladysmith and in subsequent field service with his battalion in and about Colenso, Estcourt, and Frere. Her Majesty the Queen has been graciously pleased to intimate her wish to have the photograph of this gallant young officer, which has been forwarded for Her Majesty's acceptance.

Captain Alastair W. M. Brodie, of the 2nd Battalion Seaforth Highlanders, who was killed at Magersfontein, was twenty-eight years of age. He saw service in the Niger Territories in 1897-8, and displayed conspicuous bravery in the expedition against the slave raiding Prince Askui, at Kiffi. He was in the Hazara Expedition of 1891, and with the relief force in Chitral in 1895. He joined the Seaforth Highlanders in 1890, becoming lieutenant in 1892, and captain last year. He was born in 1871. (Our portrait is by Esmé Collings, Brighton.)



The part marked in white shows the extent of the landslide
THE LANDSLIP AT AMALFI ON THE GULF OF SALERNO

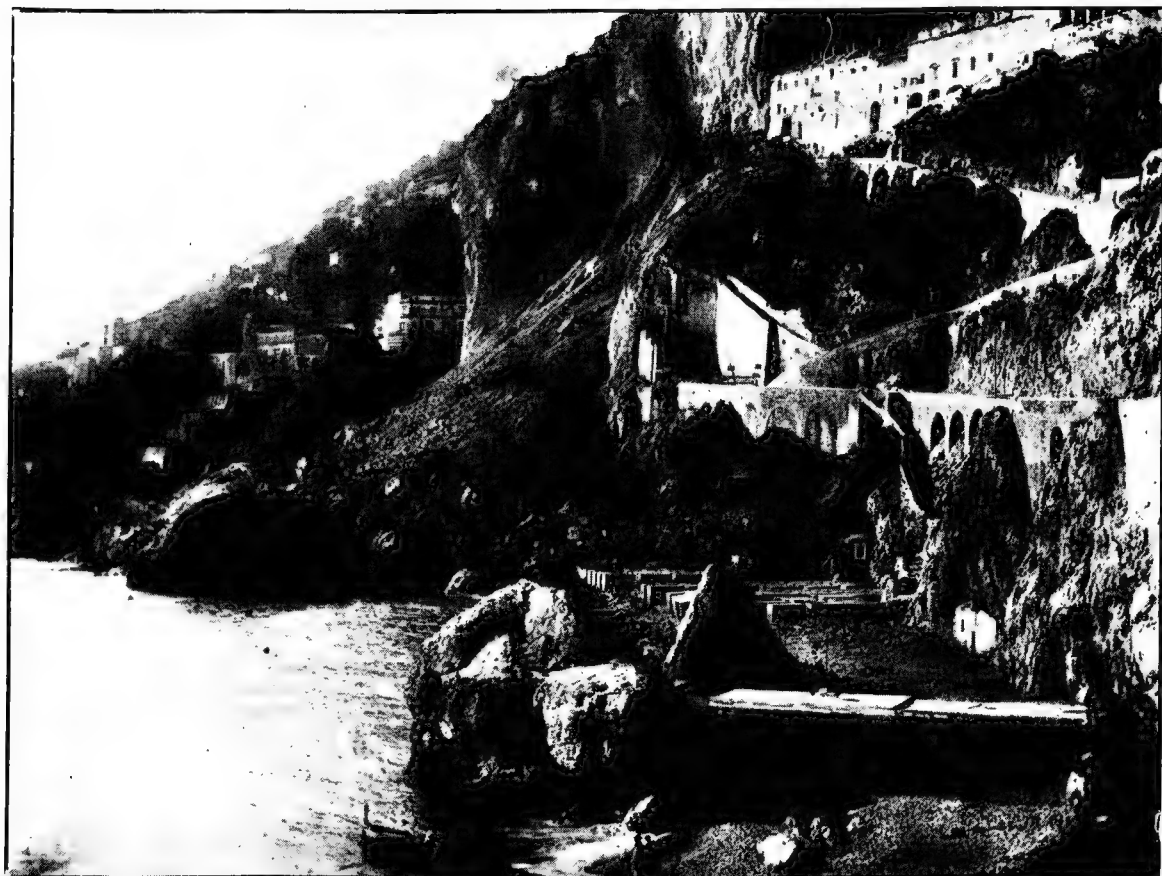
Old Masters at the New Gallery

VANDYCK at the Royal Academy, the founders of the Flemish School at the New Gallery (with a dash of English masters supposed to have been influenced by the tradition of Vandyck), and Rubens, Sir Anthony's great predecessor, and we have in London this season

as complete a public display of the art of Flanders as ever was seen in a single city at one and the same time.

It may be conceded that the chief popular interest will doubtless be found in the British Room, where hang some fine portraits and a few landscapes, and in the North Room, which contains fifty works by, or attributed to, Vandyck's mighty tutor. Here may be seen the great "Daniel in the Lion's Den," which, sold at the first Hamilton sale, was bought back a year or two after by the late Duke in open sale at an enormous profit. Close by hangs the sketch for it, lent by Sir William Farrer. Even more interesting is the series of six sketches of the life of Achilles, lent by Mr. Smith-Barry—designs executed for Charles I. and intended for tapestry. We do not venture into the question of the authenticity of other works which are hardly less interesting, and which, no doubt, are as much by Rubens as the majority of the pictures ascribed to his brush. It is a remarkable display; but for those who appreciate fine painting—the splendid handwork of the perfect craftsman—the real interest of the exhibition lies in the West, or Early Flemish, Room.

Let not the visitor be deterred by the vision of "squint-eyed saints" and ungainly, senile-visaged babies, from examining these pictures with care. Soon he will begin to appreciate the fascination exercised over the connoisseur by the consummate brush work, the fine if archaic draughtsmanship, the lovely colour, the naïf symbolism and imagination that are characteristic of the art of the school. It matters not that the invention is poor—or rather, conventional; that the heads and arrangement are often grotesque; that beauty of form is frequently less apparent than what might best be called "painter's beauty." It matters less that the spectator may become confused between the Van Eycks, the Memlincs, the Mal uses, and the rest—all strangely alike and few possible to be established as really by this or that master, even by such an authority as Mr. W. H. James Weale himself. What is of importance is that nearly every one of these works is deeply interesting on its merits as a painting, and hardly less for the sake of the problems and conjectures it temptingly and illusively puts forward for solution. When we come before such a work as Mr. Bodley's "Virgin and Child and Saints," by Memlinc, or M. de Somzée's triptych by Cornelissen, we may think ourselves on safer ground; but so much is doubtful—all except the intrinsic merits of the pictures—that the spectator's whole attention may be concentrated upon the pictures themselves. Properly to enjoy this stimulating exhibition the visitor should first of all refresh his memory in the Early Flemish Rooms of the National Gallery, and, thus prepared, should proceed to Regent Street, first reading Mr. Weale's lively disquisition on the rise of the Flemish school which prefaces the catalogue. He will then have learned a good deal about the subject which the unsurpassable collections of England can demonstrate. He will thus not only be entertained, but—if it be not considered a drawback—instructed as well.



The first photograph taken after the disaster showing the wrecked Capuccini Hotel. Beneath the debris is the Hotel Santa Caterina, where Miss Weir and her companions are buried. Our photograph is by F. Gargulio, Sorrento

THE LANDSLIP AT AMALFI ON THE GULF OF SALERNO



FROM A SKETCH BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, W. T. MAUD

DRAWN BY F. DE HAENEN

"During the general assault on our position on November 9," writes our Special Artist, "the 5th Lancers were sent out to hold Observation Hill, an advanced post on the right front. The regiment have been in Natal for the last two years, and they know their ground perfectly and the best way to fight on it. Only a

few of their picked shots crept to the top of the ridge, and directly they opened fire a perfect storm of Boer rifle fire burst upon them. One of the troopers occasionally put his helmet on the muzzle of his carbine and hoisted it over the edge of the rock, and whenever it appeared a hail of bullets whistled round it"

THE LIGHT SIDE OF WARFARE: DRAWING THE ENEMY'S FIRE



"Then we went softly to and fro among the sleepers and took possession of their bows and arrows. The reed shafts of the latter we broke, and then we flung them, like snakes with broken backs, in a heap upon the embers. In a short time the heap blazed brightly up, and then we went to work at our vengeance."

THE HUNTER OF THE DIDIMA

By W. C. SCULLY. Illustrated by F. C. DICKINSON

"You say, my Chief, that you wish me to relate a tale of the days of my youth, which are now so very far away. Well, I owe you homage for that you opened the door of the prison wherein my grandson lay, accused of a crime which another had committed. Last year I might have sent you a cow, which would have kept your children's calabash always full, but now that the Rinderpest has emptied my kraal I am a poor man—so poor that I cannot even offer you a drink of sour milk. There, behind that mat, lie the calabashes splitting from dryness. *Wau*, but it is hard for an old man who has owned cattle all his life to look every day into an empty kraal.

"Oh, yes—about the tale. Well, I can tell you of an occasion when I was so near my death that for months afterwards I would start up in my sleep of nights and shriek aloud. The tale has often been told, but never the whole of it, for it is shameful for a man to relate how he wept like a woman and begged for his life. But now all the others are dead—and, for myself, why, I am only an old man of no account who will soon be dead too.

"In the days I speak of Makomo was Chief over all the country. I was a young man, and had only been married a few months. My father was one who stood near the Chief. He was rich in cattle and his racing oxen were the best in the land. I had only recently been made a man. I was too young, so many said, for the rite, but the Chief's 'Great Son' was to be made a man at the time, and my father wanted me to be one of his blood-brothers. Then my father said I should marry and get grandchildren for him. In those days I cared for nothing but hunting, but my father began paying dowry for a girl, so I made no objection. She came to be the grandmother of Nathaniel, whom you know. He comes home twice every year from the Mission, and tells me that I am going, when I die, to a deep pit full of a very hot kind of fire. Well,

perhaps I am, but I shall meet my Chief and my old friends there, but not Nathaniel, nor his grandmother.

"Makomo was a great Chief in those days, and no one ever dared to disobey him except the 'Abatwa,' the wild Bushmen who dwelt in the high mountains among the rocks and forests, and who shot people to death with shafts smeared with the poison of snakes. Brave as Makomo's men were when they fought the English, they dreaded the little men of the rocks, who could kill from afar without being seen or heard.

"From my earliest boyhood I loved nothing so well as hunting, and my favourite ground was the forest at the back of the Didima Mountain, which was full of buffalo, koodoo, bushbuck, and other game. On the top of the big mountain beyond it, which you call the Katberg, herds of eland used often to browse. Other young men who loved the chase would accompany me, but I was always the leader.

"At a spot in the valley at the back of the Didima, far away from any other dwellings, lived a man called Bangeni, a great doctor. This man did not fear the Bushmen. For some reason or another they never interfered with him, even when they raided in the valleys far past his dwelling. He spoke their language, which sounded like the spitting of a nest of wild cats I once dug out of a hole. Men used to say that through his medicines Bangeni had the power of moving unseen from place to place, and that the Bushmen knew this and feared him accordingly. I do not know if this was the case, but it is certain that although the Bushmen were often seen in the rocks on the ridge above his kraal, and although they sometimes killed the herd-boys in the valley below, and drove off cattle, nothing of Bangeni's was ever taken.

"We all feared this man, and no one ever went to his kraal unless for medicine. Over and over again have I passed it when

returning from hunting, but no matter how tired or thirsty I was I would never stop.

"One day, being alone in the forest, I found a young girl sleeping. She had a beautiful face, and a bosom like that of a partridge when the millet is ripe in the fields. She arose when I approached, but did not show the least alarm. We sat together and talked from noon until the sun had nearly sunk. She was the daughter of Bangeni, and her name was Nongala. She spoke of sensible things in a low, soft voice. When we parted I already wished that my father had paid dowry for her instead of for the other one—Nathaniel's grandmother.

"After that day I never passed Bangeni's dwelling without calling. Nathaniel's grandmother got to hear of the girl, and I had to break several sticks upon her before she left off troubling. You know Nathaniel? Well, he is just like she was.

"As I grew older I hunted more and more. My father was rich, and I was his 'great son,' so, whenever I heard of a good dog I used to try and buy it. We had no guns, but we were expert with the assegai, and besides we used to drive the game into staked pits. *Marwo*, but these were great days. In the valley, where the buffaloes used to crash through the forest with my dogs baying behind, the Hottentots now grow tobacco. And I am an old, old man without a single cow, and my Chief is dead, and Nathaniel says I am going to the pit to burn in this new kind of fire.

"The mischief committed by the Bushmen at length became so bad that the people could stand it no longer, so Makomo called out an army for the purpose of clearing the mountains of these vermin. The occasion was that they had one day killed six herd-boys and driven a large troop of cattle off. Then Makomo saw that if he wished to hold the country any longer he must destroy the Bushmen.

"Every man who could wield an assegai was called out, and the army was doctored on the night of the new moon. Next morning we went forth in three divisions, one of which held the level plateau which connects the Katberg Range with the great mountains farther back, and so cut off the retreat of the enemy. Another division went to the east of the Katberg and the third to the west of the Didima; then the three bodies moved towards each other in open order.

"The Bushmen retired without fighting when they saw how strong we were, and when they found their retreat cut off from the great mountain they took refuge in the caves and chasms of a high ridge which stood apart near the southern end of the plateau. We were joyful when we knew that at length we had the murderers where our hands could reach them.

"It was nearly nightfall when we formed in a ring around the rocks and scrubby bushes amidst which they lay, and our numbers were so great that no man was more than four paces from his companions on either side. Each carried a shield wherewith to ward off the poisoned arrows. For a long time it had been known that this attack must, some day, take place, and every man had been ordered to provide himself with a strong shield of ox-hide.

"Throughout the night we could hear no sound except now and then hootings and cries like those of owls and night-jars. These were the signals which the enemy made to each other. Just before daybreak they made an attempt to break through the ring, but we drove them back; not more than five or six managed to escape. We had expected this attempt, and word had been sent round by the leader that should it take place the grass was to be fired. Within a few minutes the ridge was ringed with flame. The season was late summer, but the land was dry and the grass fit for burning. Not a breath of wind was stirring, so the ring of fire burnt slowly, and we closed in behind it as the ground became cool enough for our feet to bear it.

"Day was breaking when the fire reached long grass and brambles just beneath the summit among which the Bushmen lay concealed. Then they sprang out like monkeys from a cornfield when the dogs are let loose, and climbed to a bare mass of stone which topped the ridge. We rushed in at them through the flame, and they met us with a shower of arrows. It was a hard, bitter fight, but when the sun arose not a Bushman was left alive. The women and even the little children fought as bravely as the men, and bit our feet as we trod over them in the struggle thinking they were dead. Not one uttered a cry, even in the death agony. Thirty-four of our men were struck down by the poisoned arrows, and of these more than half died in torment.

"Bangani had fallen under suspicion of being in some way leagued with the Bushmen, on account of his property not having been carried off. He was too old a man to be expected to fight, so was not with the attacking force. As our men passed his dwelling on their way to the attack they had shouted threats as to what would be done to him after 'his friends,' as they called the Bushmen, had been reckoned with. However, he now came forward with his medicines, and it was only the men whom he treated that recovered from their wounds. Therefore he was once more received into favour.

"After this slaughter we had peace, and for several years not a Bushman was seen anywhere near the Didima, although it was known that many still existed in the great mountain beyond it. Bangeni still dwelt at the old spot, and I continued to visit his kraal and meet Nongala. Nathaniel's grandmother became jealous, and I was compelled to break several more sticks upon her back. She often ran home, and I was glad to be rid of her, but her father always sent her back lest he should have to return the dowry-cattle. Eventually I sent my brother, with three oxen, to Bangeni to ask for Nongala as my second wife, and it was arranged that I should marry her at the coming time of green corn.

"One day in autumn, after the plough rains had fallen, I, with seventeen of my friends, went to hunt a troop of elands which were reported to have newly come to the top of the Katberg. We all brought our best dogs, and I had arranged through Bangeni with the Bushmen that they should help us to drive the game into a deep valley with a narrow pass at one end, where we could lie in ambush. This valley was some distance away, in the direction of the great mountain where the wild men, as we well knew, dwelt in large numbers. But we were young and had no fear. I thought that on account of my friendship with Bangeni none of the Bushmen would harm me, and that my companions would be safe as well. Besides, the suggestion towards this hunt came from the Bushmen themselves.

"We found the game and drove it into the valley. When we arrived there, exhausted and out of breath, we found the bewildered herd huddled together in a rocky hollow, whilst around its sides stood a ring of the little people. Then we rushed in, and before the sun sank five of the elands lay dead. The rest broke through the circle and escaped, whilst we threw ourselves to the ground and lay there panting.

"Two of the elands had fallen close together, within a few paces of a stream of water, and the others lay at different spots—none of which were more than a hundred paces away. We seventeen collected together where the two elands lay, and in a few minutes found ourselves surrounded by those who had driven the game for us. At first we suspected no treachery, but all at once we found that each had several poisoned arrows pointed at him, and that the notch of every arrow rested against the string of a drawn bow. Then we saw how we had been tricked; these people had enticed us thus far from our friends for the purpose of getting us into their power.

"One of them, who could speak our language, came forward, and with him we held a parley. They did not, he said, want to kill us, but to hold us at ransom. What they required was cattle, and for cattle our Chief might buy our lives. To prove this they were willing to allow one of our number to go with a message to Makomo, stating their terms. At this we felt much relieved; some of our party were related to Makomo, and we knew that the cattle would be sent.

"But we had not heard all, and what followed made us burn with rage. We were required to give up our arms and then to submit to be bound hand and foot. At first we angrily refused to do this, saying that we would rather die fighting than undergo such disgrace, but when we looked at the bent bows and the arrows, each drawn back to the poison-smear point, we felt as though hooded snakes

surrounded us, poised to strike if we so much as moved hand or foot. We had seen the pain of those who died of their wounds after the fight, and we remembered how brave men had wept like women, begging of us to kill them as their blood had turned to fire. Death by spear or club we could have faced, but the thought of slowly dying from the snake-poison of the arrows made our hearts like the hearts of little children, so we yielded. One by one we cast our weapons to the ground and stepped forth to where they bound us with thongs. Each of us had his knees and ankles tied together and his hands fastened behind his back.

"Our weapons were collected into a heap; our dogs were caught and tied to the bushes near the stream, and then our messenger, a man named Goloza, was allowed to go free. He was told to be back with the cattle by noon on the following day, and warned that if more than five men accompanied him we would be killed as soon as their approach was signalled.

"After this the Bushmen lit fires and began to feast upon the game we had killed. They made merry around the carcasses, eating such a quantity of meat that their bodies swelled until they looked like ticks on the dewlap of a cow in summer. In the early stages of the feasting they sang and danced, and then they played a curious game, in which some pretended to kill others, who, in their turn, pretended to be slain. We could hear from the noises around the other fires that similar feasting and dancing was going on at each carcass.

"Our throats felt as though filled with hot ashes, for we had sweated much in the chase, but though we begged for water they would not give us a drop. My heart seems even now to grow cold when I think of all that happened during that night. Our bonds were tightly drawn and galled us sorely, but our captors laughed at and taunted us when we prayed for relief.

"After they had feasted and danced through half the night, the Bushmen came and sat close to us, and some who happened to be able to speak our language began to converse with us. What they said made us lose all hope and wish for a speedy death to put us out of our pain. It appeared that their sending Goloza with the message was but a device for the purpose of getting cattle, and that they meant to kill us in any case. Their craft was such that they kept us alive in the event of Makomo sending messengers ahead for the purpose of ascertaining that we were still alive before delivering the ransom cattle. They intended to kill us as well as the messengers as soon as the cattle were in their possession. This was to be their revenge for the slaughter we had inflicted upon their friends and relatives.

"We begged hard for our lives, offering large herds of cattle if our captors would let us send one of our number to collect from our kraals. We wept and moaned as we begged for mercy, but the more pitifully we pleaded the more they laughed and jeered at us. After we had amused them sufficiently thus, they returned to their feasting. Then, after placing two of their number to watch us they fell fast asleep.

"Now a Bushman, when really full of meat, must needs sleep, and then he is like a gorged vulture, for nothing will wake him until he has digested the food. If disturbed he will only sprawl about like a drunken man, and roll his eyes like a child a week old. Soon the two watchers slept too, and then the fire died down, and we lay suffering in the darkness. There was no sound except our own groans, the snoring of the Bushmen, who had sunk back, each at the place where he had been sitting, and lay huddled upon the ground, and the murmuring of the stream of water.

"We strove and struggled with our bonds, but they were too cunningly tied for this to be of any avail, so we only put ourselves to greater pain. The splashing of the cool water over the stones only a few yards off maddened us, and we tried to roll towards it, but a barrier of sharp rocks stood in the way, and this we found it impossible to cross. The jackals came up and began to gnaw the bones around the fireplace; they stepped fearlessly in among the sleepers, as though quite accustomed to so doing.

"We lay thus until it was nearly day. Then I heard a soft voice speak my name. I answered in a whisper, and in a moment Nongala was bending over me, cutting my bonds with a sharp knife.

"I was so stiff that for a while I could hardly move a limb. Nongala went to the others, one by one, and released them as well. After a few minutes our clogged blood began to move once more, and then, suddenly, we seemed to recover our strength. The first thing we did was to recover our weapons.

"Then we went softly to and fro among the sleepers and took possession of their bows and arrows. The reed shafts of the latter we broke, and then we flung them, like snakes with broken backs, in a heap upon the embers. In a short time the heap blazed brightly up, and then we went to work at our vengeance.

"The sleepers lay close together, and we made a ring about them, so that none might escape. But this was not necessary; they were so gorged that not one awakened, even when the spear was at his throat. One by one we slew them as they lay. Then, with one accord, we went to the stream we had been listening to throughout the long night of pain, and drank our fill. But our work was not yet done.

"Around the bones of each of the other three elands—for it proved that not a scrap of meat was left—lay a party of surfeited sleepers, and those we slew as we had slain the others. It was horrible work, but the gall of black anger had risen to our hearts, for we knew that these people had doomed us to a miserable death.

"Day broke just as we had finished the killing, so we struck for home across the mountains. We met Goloza, accompanied by five other men, bringing on the cattle for our ransom. They had reached the valley below the Didima; they turned back and accompanied us to Makomo's 'Great Place,' for we went at once to make our report of what had happened to the Chief. The war cry had gone out, and men were already assembling. It had been intended to pursue the Bushmen and recover the ransom cattle. There was great astonishment when we related what we had done, and the disgrace of having allowed ourselves to be disarmed and tied up like dogs was looked upon as having been wiped out by the blood we had shed.

"You may be sure that Nongala came in for her share of honour. A song, which was sung at every feast for years afterwards, was composed to commemorate the exploit. She became so celebrated that a rumour went forth that Makomo intended to add her to the number of his wives. My own idea is that the grandmother of

Nathaniel caused the thing to be talked about through jealousy. I do not know if such be the case, or if the Chief had any such intention, but to avoid the danger Nongala and I ran away together one night and took refuge with the Chief of the Gaika tribe, who received us kindly, feeling that it was to his honour to have such celebrated people under his protection. Three years afterwards I returned to my own country and Makomo received me kindly.

"For my own part, I have always felt ashamed of having surrendered my weapons and allowed myself to be tied up—to say nothing of having wept like a little boy, and beseeched for my life—than proud of the killing. I do not think that until to-day anyone has ever told the whole truth about this matter. Often, when I have heard some of the others at a beer-drink boasting of what they have done, I have walked away or hidden my face in my kaross lest the truth should be revealed by my looks. But all the others are now dead, and I am an old man—so what does it matter?

"Yes, I am an old man, and the sooner I am dead the better. The valleys in which I hunted in the days of my youth are full of the Hottentots to whom the Government gave the land, and I doubt if you would find an 'iputi' in the Didima Forest.

"Men can say what they like, but the world is not so good to live in now as it was in the days when I was young. Where has the rain gone to? It has not rained as it used to rain when Makomo was Chief since the Hottentots were given the country.

"Well, it may be as you say, but if Government were to drive the Hottentots out and give back the land to Makomo's son, I think you would find that the rain would fall again as it used to. But I am an old man, and my kraal is empty. Yes, I have lived too long."

THE END

Medal Presented to the City of Canterbury by the French Association for the Advancement of Science

THE Mayor of Canterbury has just received from the French Association for the Advancement of Science a very fine medal in oxidised silver, which has been specially struck in commemoration of the reception accorded the members of that Association when they visited Canterbury last September in company with the members of



OBVERSE

the British Association. At the next meeting of the Canterbury County Council a resolution was adopted thanking the Association for its gift, and stating:—"Valuable in itself as is this latest addition to their historic treasures, and nobly as it symbolises the true brotherhood which exists between the lovers of science



REVERSE

and art in all countries, it will be yet more highly prized as an assurance that the kindly feelings of the citizens towards the Association are as kindly reciprocated in those of the Association towards the citizens. May those feelings be for ever reflected in a lasting and unbroken friendship between the two great nations represented by the French Association and the city of Canterbury."

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PREPARED WHITE FULLER'S EARTH,
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from OLD PATTERNS, and are
SOLD AT VERY LOW PRICES.
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SIZES.	PRICES.	SIZES.	PRICES.
Ft. in. Ft. in. £ s. d.	Ft. in. Ft. in. £ s. d.		
13 6 by 9 0 . . . 6 5 0	14 0 by 11 0 . . . 8 5 0		
11 0 by 10 0 . . . 5 15 0	15 0 by 11 0 . . . 8 10 0		
12 0 by 10 0 . . . 6 5 0	13 0 by 12 0 . . . 8 5 0		
13 6 by 10 0 . . . 7 0 0	14 0 by 12 0 . . . 8 15 0		
12 0 by 11 0 . . . 7 0 0	15 0 by 12 0 . . . 10 0 0		
13 0 by 11 0 . . . 7 12 0			

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SIZES.	PRICES.	SIZES.	PRICES.
Ft. in. Ft. in. £ s. d.	Ft. in. Ft. in. £ s. d.		
7 6 by 5 2 . . . 2 6 0	11 10 by 8 3 . . . 6 4 0		
7 9 by 5 2 . . . 2 14 0	12 8 by 8 1 . . . 6 5 0		
7 6 by 6 3 . . . 2 17 0	11 3 by 9 5 . . . 6 8 0		
9 6 by 6 0 . . . 3 6 0	11 10 by 9 5 . . . 6 10 0		
8 7 by 7 0 . . . 3 10 0	12 2 by 9 1 . . . 7 2 0		
8 10 by 7 1 . . . 3 13 0	11 10 by 9 10 . . . 7 3 0		
9 5 by 7 3 . . . 4 4 0	12 11 by 9 6 . . . 7 4 0		
10 4 by 7 5 . . . 4 14 0	12 4 by 10 7 . . . 7 11 0		
10 4 by 7 7 . . . 5 0 0	12 11 by 10 2 . . . 7 14 0		
11 0 by 8 0 . . . 5 2 0	13 1 by 9 11 . . . 8 7 0		
12 2 by 6 11 . . . 5 3 0	13 11 by 10 1 . . . 8 0 0		
9 7 by 8 6 . . . 5 4 0	14 11 by 10 8 . . . 9 0 0		
10 11 by 7 11 . . . 5 6 0	14 0 by 11 6 . . . 10 6 0		
11 5 by 7 3 . . . 5 7 0	14 11 by 12 2 . . . 11 12 0		
12 4 by 7 9 . . . 5 12 0	15 4 by 12 3 . . . 11 0 0		
11 5 by 9 0 . . . 6 0 0	15 11 by 11 7 . . . 11 6 0		
12 2 by 7 11 . . . 6 3 0			

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New Novels

"ADAM GRIGSON"

WE have no hesitation in placing Mrs. Henry de la Pasture's "Adam Grigson" (Smith, Elder, and Co.) among the very best novels, not merely of the year, but of many years. The reader habituated to the bustle of modern fiction must fairly be warned that it contains nothing that can be called an incident from beginning to end; and that its personages are not more out of the common than most of the people that most of us know. But the same may be said of many a masterpiece, such as used to be written with care to be read at leisure. And we cannot think that anybody with the smallest appreciation of humour, of kindly satire, of good sense, and of human nature both as it is and as it seems, will be disposed to skip or hurry over the family



CAPE

Of ermine and ivory lace over satin.

history of the Evelyns of Varley. That the feminine interest predominates is, no doubt, inevitable. It attaches to every member of the household, but it centres in one of the grand-daughters, Rosamond—a disciple of Becky Sharp by inclination and even genius, but without the tact or the brains of her prototype; in her cousin Margaret (who is to Rosamond somewhat what Amelia was to Becky); and, beyond either, in Margaret's sister Elizabeth—an altogether delightful creature of both heart and brain, who appears to be wholly Mrs. de la Pasture's own. Adam Grigson, who gives his name to the novel and holds its plot together, is a middle-aged ex-Australian emigrant, who has raised himself from farm-lad to millionaire by business capacity without having lost his boyish belief in the English Lady as something a good deal superior to an angel. That is about his religion, and the cruelty of the blow to one of his strong and simple nature may be imagined when his first actual experience of the object of his chivalrous adoration is as the husband of Rosamond. How he fails to remain disillusioned and broken-hearted is by way of a pathetically comic surprise, which we will not spoil by anticipation. Nor have we space for mentioning individually the little world of acquaintances of all sorts, and all with their own aims and interests, selfish or unselfish, sordid or generous, but mostly very humanely mixed, that surround the Evelyns. The novel is essentially one to be read rather than to be written about, and we are glad to have the opportunity of recommending so exceptionally clever a picture of real life and so invariably entertaining a story.

"ONE YEAR"

In her story of the events of "One Year" (Blackwood and Sons), Dorothea Gerard (Madame Longard de Longgarde) again carries her readers into those out-of-the-way parts of Austrian Poland which she may be said to have annexed by right of discovery. As always, her descriptions are literally landscapes in language; and she not only enables the eye to see them, but the mind to understand from them much of the national character from which they are inseparable. The wealth, the waste, the discomfort, the universal reign of the maxim "*To nie nie szkodzi*," "It doesn't matter," the racial Quixotism, melancholy, and charm—all are suggested at the first moment of the English narrator's arrival at the country house of the Zielinski; and are realised afterwards more convincingly than the romantic incidents of the story would allow in lands where exaggeration is less the natural law. The plot in its close, is unqualified tragedy—of a strong man's futile heroism, and of a girl's fatal while causeless despair. All this is interesting, as romance. But it is all so entirely dependent for its effect upon local atmosphere and colour that the interest is of a less painful kind than might be supposed. Indeed, the gloom of the story is more than made up for by the picturesque brightness with which it is told.

"A VOYAGE AT ANCHOR"

Mr. W. Clark Russell seems to have been inspired with the thought to do for the best known of our home waters something of what William Black achieved for road and canal by phaeton and houseboat. "A Voyage at Anchor" (F. V. White and Co.) is the record of a holiday spent by an ex-merchant captain, his wife, their daughter, their daughter's fiancé, three maids, and a small crew, in an old East Indiaman moored in the Small Downs. As in the case of Black's rambles, so does Mr. Clark Russell show how full are familiar scenes of unfamiliar things. But the latter author is the

more adventurous; and so, in lieu of trifles rendered important by their treatment, we have such a series of excitements and perils little likely to be crowded into a few weeks even under the most favourable circumstances. And the grand finale, a total wreck on the Goodwins, is scarcely calculated to popularise the device for getting the enjoyment of the seaside without any of its drawbacks. Nor are the holiday-makers, male or female, persons with whom many people would care to be at close quarters for longer than they could help. Mr. Russell's *dramatis personæ* are ships, winds, and waves; and he is still unapproachable in his genius for translating their effects into words.



EARLY WINTER COSTUME

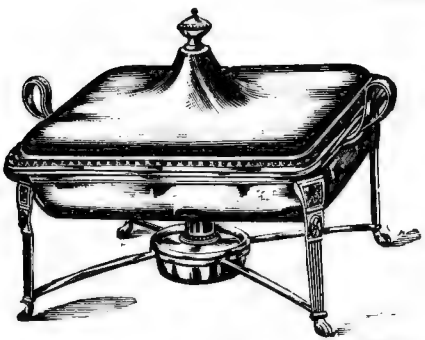
Corselet-skirt of pale blue cloth, stitched. Upper corsage of soft pale blue satin. Bolero of broad tail and ermine. Hat of pale blue, the brim of plaited satin and velvet. Black plumes.

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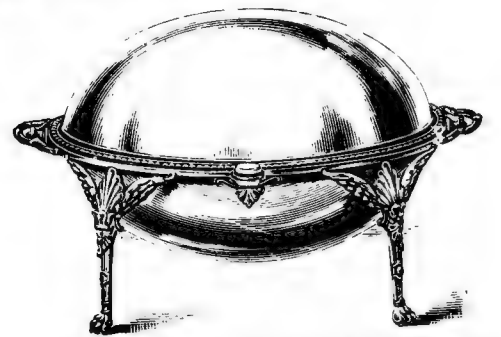
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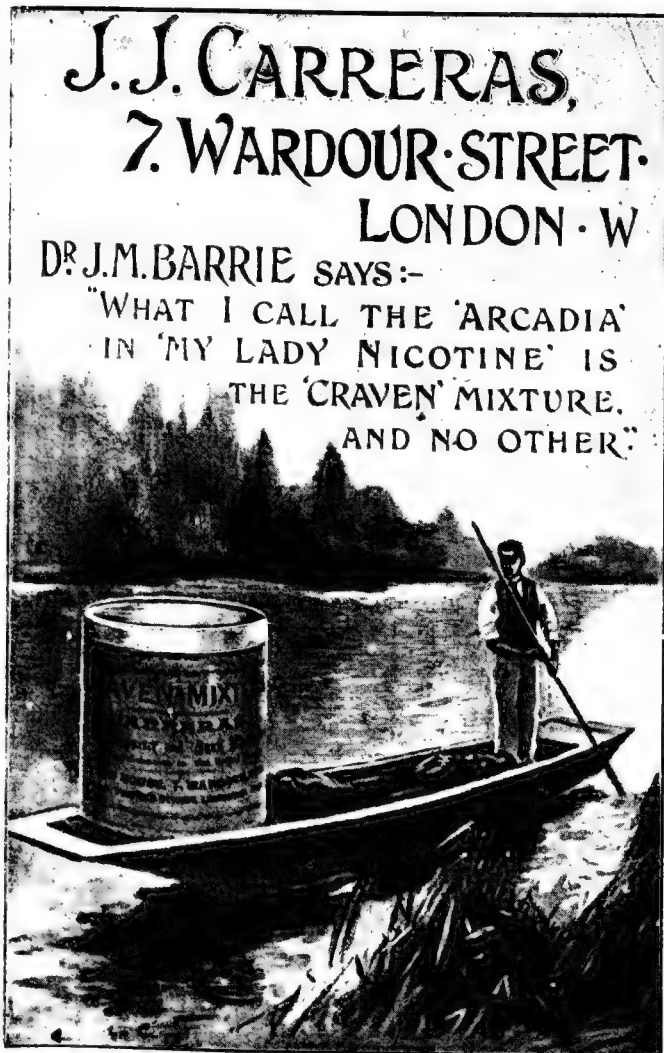
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The Vandyck Exhibition .

FOR the second time within a generation a collection of the works of Vandyck has been brought together in London, so that at Burlington House may be seen the greatest assembly of fine gentlemen and high-born ladies that ever proceeded from the brush of a single painter. Vandyck, who did for Charles I.'s time what Holbein had done for King Hal's, wrote history for us in paint and canvas; for the greatest historical painter, after all, is surely he who brings face to face with posterity the men and women who built up an epoch out of their flesh and blood.

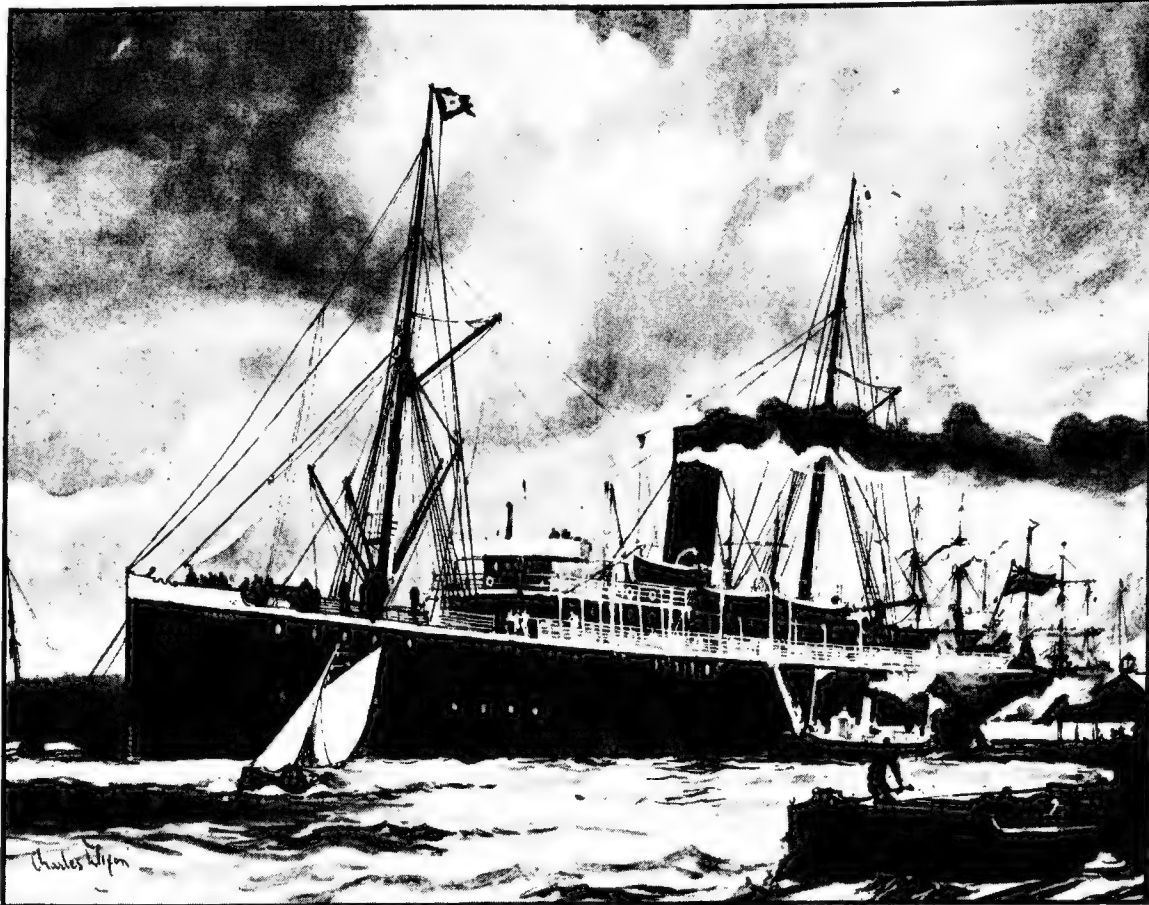
The interests which are aroused by such an exhibition are many. The lover of grace, of manly form and of female beauty, will be captivated by this display of handsome features and comely daintiness; the student of history will be absorbed by the noble series of portraiture; he who is interested in fashion and costume will find entertainment enough to occupy him for the whole period of the opening of the show; the expert in painting will revel in the technical beauties of the masterpieces and the comparative falling-off in other pictures; and the captious critic will find grounds for grumbling, even in such a superlative display as we have here. For example, he will protest against the inclusion—inevitable as we may well believe—of a number of pictures and drawings (certain of the latter graciously lent by the King of Italy) which no one would seriously insist upon ascribing to the great Vandyck; he will exclaim against the misapplication of names to portraits—such as the magnificent so-called "Portrait of Vandyck" from Grosvenor House; and more than all he will lament the absence of half a hundred canvases, more or less, of wide fame and established authenticity which could have been had, presumably, for the asking.

But in face of so many works of supreme excellence, before such a collective exposition of the art of the painter, the grumbler need not be heeded. We must be thankful for the banquet and refrain from complaint that some of our favourite dishes are absent from the menu. As to the bill of fare, the reader may be reminded

yet they do not nearly exhaust the Vandyck treasures which are to be found in this country. It is further to be remarked that, with the exception of Monsieur Huybrecht, who lends a sketch, not a single collector of Belgium, which profited so greatly from British complaisance last year, has come forward with his fine things. Con-

solat on for this behaviour is to be found in the loan by the Tsar of the exquisite portrait of Lord Philip Wharton, as a fancy-dressed shepherd—the very essence of beautiful and gracefully effeminate manhood.

Although we have here little of capital importance of Vandyck's earliest independent practice, those nevertheless can follow his career who are familiar with the dates of the various paintings. And what a fascinating study it is! You may, by passing from room to room, track the artist as he worked in Rubens's studio, journeyed to England (1619), visited Genoa, Rome, and Venice (1621 to 1623), returned to practise in Antwerp (1626), before he made his long sojourn to this country (1632) where he remained till his death in 1641, with the exception of the short period of his disastrous visit to Paris in 1640. What a noble array of canvases is here!—the group of "Snyders with his Wife and Child," Lord Brownlow's "Lady and Child," the Duke of Grafton's "Charles I. and Henrietta Maria," Lord Methuen's "Betrayal of Christ," the Queen's splendid "Marriage of St. Catherine," "George and Francis Villiers," "The Five Children of Charles I.," "Killigrew and Carew," the lovely "Princess de Cante-Croix," and "The Three Children of Charles I.," the noble "Andrea Spinola" of Captain Heywood-Lonsdale, Lord Ashburton's so-called "Count of Nassau Dillenburg," the Duke of Norfolk's "Earl of Arundel and his Grandson," Lord Hopetoun's "Marchese di Spinola," the Duke of Abercorn's "Marchese Brignole-Sale," Captain Holford's "Abbé Scaglia" and "Princess Balbi," the Duke of Newcastle's "Rinaldo and Armida"—these are but a few items of the feast that awaits the eye of the visitor.



DRAWN BY CHARLES DIXON

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY A. H. SPAVEN

The R.M.S. *Ariosto*, of the Wilson line, has been generously placed at the disposal of the Lord Mayor for three months for the conveyance of 500 men of the City Imperial Volunteers to the Cape by Mr. C. H. Wilson, M.P., and Mr. Arthur Wilson

TO CONVEY THE CITY IMPERIAL VOLUNTEERS TO THE CAPE

that at the Grosvenor Gallery, in 1887, there were 166 items, of which some thirty were drawings or studies; at Antwerp, last year, there were 133 items, of which about thirty were drawings or studies; while at the Royal Academy there are 235 items, of which about 100 are drawings and studies. They fill seven rooms of the Academy, and

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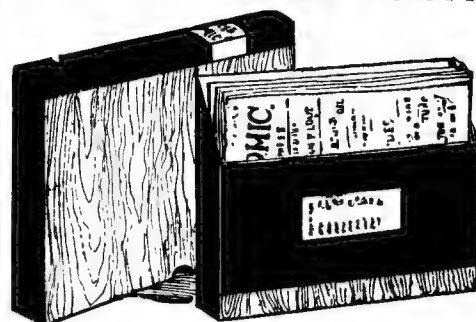
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MR. ANDREW TUEB has been continuing his researches into children's books of a bygone era, and those who remember "Forgotten Children's Books," published by the Leadenhall Press last year, will readily understand that this volume on similar lines contains a vast amount of quaint matter, amusingly characteristic of the days when the literary public, old and young, was less exigent than now. The old-fashioned children's books laid under contribution here include such familiar friends as "Original Poems," by the Taylor sisters, and others less known but even more attractive. The stories and poems are full of moral beauties, and they are illustrated with those prim woodcuts which, whatever their failings, are admirably in keeping with their text. Every effort seems to have been made during the age in which these books held sway to make of British children insufferable prigs and appalling pedants. It speaks volumes for the national characters that our grandfathers and grandmothers should have survived the ordeal so well.

"ALL HANDS ON DECK"

For a good, stirring tale of the sea one might do much worse than go to Mr. W. Charles Metcalfe's "All Hands on Deck" (Blackie and Son). The tale begins with the voyage of the good ship *Canaan* from Sydney to Hong Kong, but the *Canaan* never arrives anywhere except at the bottom of the sea, and we have a thrilling account of the sufferings of a boat's crew who have escaped from a ship on fire. They have a young girl with them, and it needs all the bravery of the hero to save her being sacrificed by those who resent a useless woman consuming their scanty biscuits and water. This is but the beginning of a chapter of accidents, for when they are ultimately picked up, the ship which saves them is boarded by cannibals, and it needs all the resource of the hero to save the young woman, with



THE GAME AT CRICKET

From "Stories from Old-Fashioned Children's Books." (The Leadenhall Press.)

whom, of course, he has fallen in love, from coming to grief either at the hands of these cannibals or at the hands of the pirates who subsequently fill the stage. Needless to say, he rises to the occasion, and the rewards of his bravery are a wife and sundry other pleasant details.

PICTURE-BOOKS FOR SMALL PEOPLE

Some of the great events of the now dying century may be very distinctly impressed on childish minds by "Really and Truly" (Arnold), wherein Mr. and Mrs. Ernest Ames present an amusing record of British history for the past hundred years. Beginning with the first United Parliament of 1801, the chronicle closes with the Gordon College at Khartoum—just a little previous, perhaps. The cuts are decidedly grotesque. Plenty of fun with less instructive objects may be had out of "The Cat and the Mouse" (Blackie), a tale of "The House that Jack Built" type, comically designed by Alice Woodward, or of "The Story of the Seven Young Goslings" (Blackie), with Miss Mabel Dearmer's merry drawings to illustrate Mr. Lawrence Housman's comical poetic rendering of an old nursery story. As a contrast to these gay coloured pictures come the cameos and silhouettes of "The Sculptor Caught Napping," by Jane L. Cook, which were published years ago on a more elaborate scale. Originally the artist cut them out to amuse her child, illustrating nursery rhymes by paper groups, and now that the silhouettes appear in cheaper form they are safe to please by their quaintness and originality. Simple verses with pretty little pictures in the Kate Greenaway style are combined in "Mother Ducks Children" (Heinemann), by Gugu, and "Verses for Grannie" (Burleigh), by S. M. Fox, with Dorothea Drew to furnish the illustrations. When the nursery folk are tired of looking at pictures, they may learn the easy songs of "Singing-Time" (Constable), where Mr. Arthur Somervell weds sweet melodies to old and new verses, and Leslie Brooke adds some graceful drawings.

THE CAPTIVE GIRL

This is the age of resourceful heroines, for nowadays the girls of fiction are as clever as the boy heroes in making their way in life and getting out of fearsome difficulties. There is the plucky militant heroine like Jacqueline of Miss Eliza Pollard's brilliant sketch of the early settlers in Acadia, "A Daughter of France" (Nelson). The whole book is full of life and action, and will delight girls who love excitement. Equally courageous were the damsels of "The Girl Captives" (Blackie), by Bessie Marchant, for they had to struggle at tremendous odds against crafty natives on the Indian Frontier—a bright, brisk tale. The struggle for life was as keen for "The Four Miss Whittingtons" (Blackie), although instead of savage foes they fought the world's opinion to earn their livelihood when left well-nigh destitute. Miss Geraldine Mockler has not fallen into the mistake of making her girls too clever or perfect, and their adventures, amusing as they are, are very true to



THE MAD CAPTAIN DEFIES HIS PURSUERS

From "All Hands on Deck!" By W. C. Metcalfe. Illustrated by W. Rainey, R.I. (Blackie and Son.)

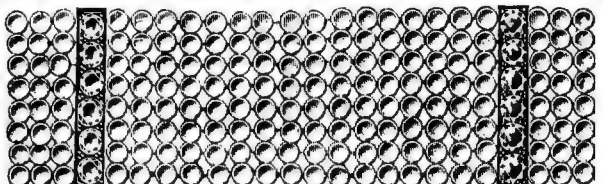
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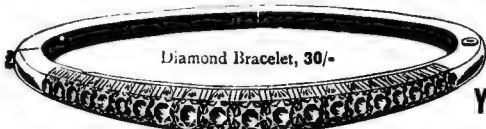
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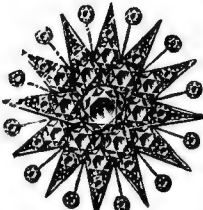
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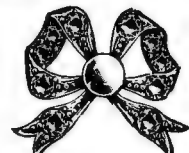
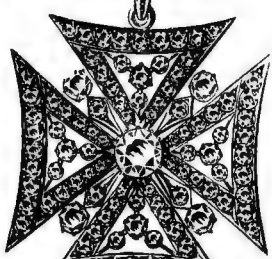
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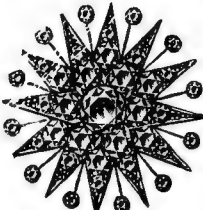
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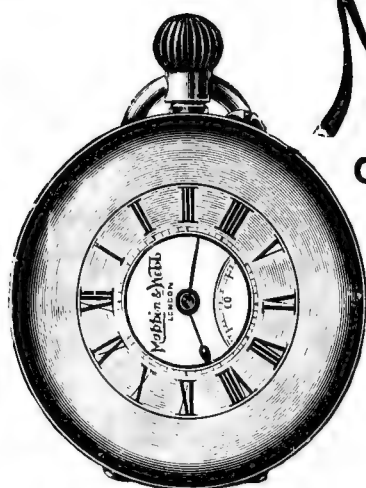
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Rural Notes

THE SEASON

RAPID alternations of frost and thaw have reduced the country roads to a very rotten condition, and the highway surveyor has a busy time before him. The gales of December 29 and 30 were very severe, and many stacks were unthatched; some, indeed, were torn down and scattered. But the occurrence of these untoward events may be as much due to slovenly building and thatching as to the violence of these recent gales from the south-east and south-west. The quality of rural labour is deteriorating, and it is difficult to see how the mischief is to be repaired. For fifty years we have been hard at work making ourselves into a non-agricultural people, and before the new century is with us it is probable that we shall be considering how to undo our own labours, or, at least, a part of them. The supply of turkeys this Christmas and New Year tide has been satisfactory, and farmers, having had a much smaller bill

of mortality than usual with what is confessedly a difficult bird to rear, we may fairly assume that their profits were satisfactory likewise. The smaller turkeys from France and even Russia were often very good food, and were appreciated by a class which cannot purchase the larger and dearer English birds. The English breeder might do well, however, to breed two types of turkey, one for the connoisseur and the other for the class of buyer whose aspirations are limited to the "fine and large fowl." The green vegetables, fruits and salads, which are often so dear in midwinter, have been abundant and cheap; this has reduced the sale of bread, but has not had an effect on the meat and poultry trades. The grain markets have been miserably flat and dull, and farmers are using much of this year's barley "on the estate." The growth of oats at 16s. 6d. per 312 lb. cannot be made to pay a reasonable profit, and Canada offers a 320 lb. weight of oats for 15s. 3d., or 1s. less. No wonder that the Government is buying Canadian and not English oats for South Africa!

PROSPEROUS AND UNPROSPEROUS DISTRICTS

The Minister of Agriculture is to be thanked for a sub-division of his returns enabling us to see with some clearness which parts of the kingdom are doing best. The region where cereals are most nearly approaching to a profitable production is that part of England which Mr. Long designates I. A. It consists of Bedford, Huntingdon, Cambridge, Suffolk, Essex, Hertford, and Middlesex. It is East Anglia's milder region, with the S.E. Midlands of Beds, Herts, and Middlesex added, in place of Norfolk. The latter county is grouped with Lincoln and York. The shrewd air of the North Sea reduces the yield of wheat and barley, but oats in this Division, I. B, have yielded the magnificent return of 47'34 bushels per acre. Passing to the unprosperous regions we find that wheat does so poorly in Somerset, Devon, Dorset, and Cornwall (Division III. B) that we can hardly see how it pays farmers to continue growing it. Dorset, however, should probably be grouped with Hampshire rather than the remoter West.

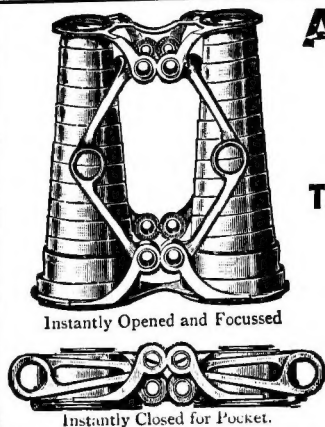
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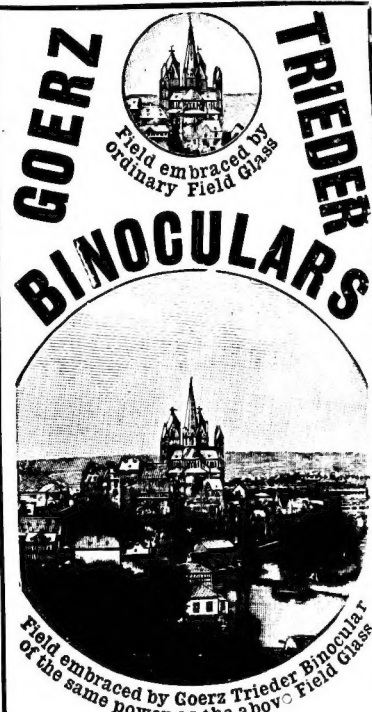
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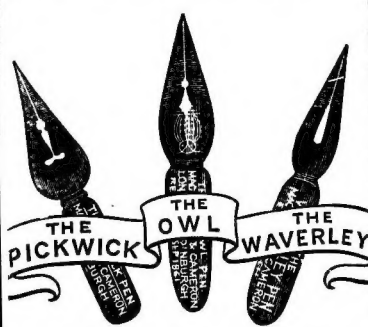


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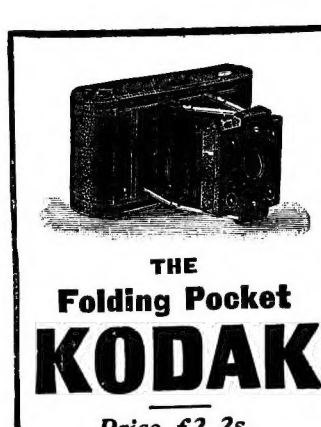
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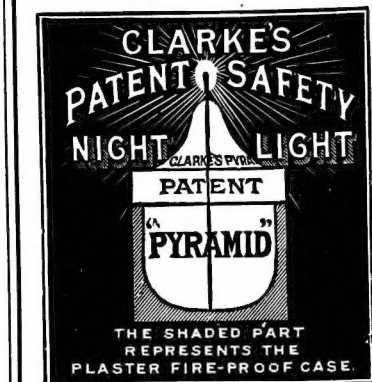
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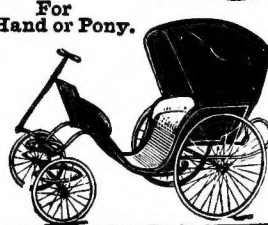
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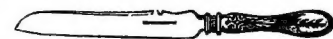
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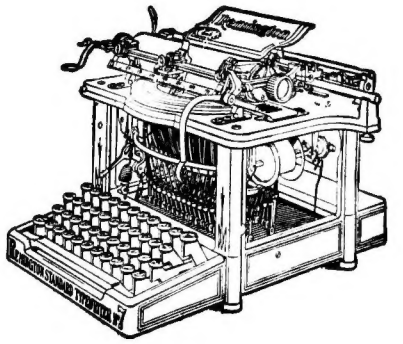
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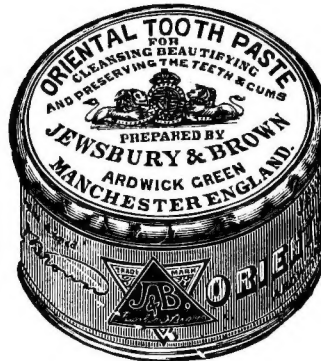
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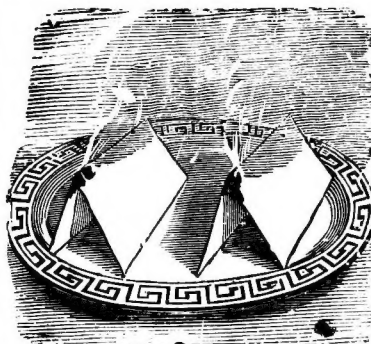
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